KARAMSIN'S TRAVELS.

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TRAVELS

FROM

MOSCOW,

THROUGH

PRUSSIA, GERMANY, SWITZERLAND, FRANCE, AND ENGLAND.

BY

NICOLAI KARAMSIN.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

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TRAVELS.

TRAVELS.

Eglisau, 14 *August*.

WE set out yesterday morning at eight o'clock. I walked at first at a great rate, but the warmth of the day soon relaxed my pace; so that in the course of eight miles I was glad to throw myself upon the grass, to the no small vexation of my fellow traveller, who was impatient to see the Fall of the Rhine. We ordered some wine and water from the next inn, which refreshed me in a considerable degree. After having rested an hour, we resumed our journey.

I was obliged, however, to rest several times before we reached Schaffhausen. At length, about seven in the evening, the noise of the Fall

reached our ears. This induced us to double our speed, and we soon arrived at the lofty shore, which commanded a fine view of the Fall. You may rest assured, my friends, we were deeply impressed with the view, which is one of the grandest in nature. We stood, however, without agitation, perfectly composed, and neither of us for about five minutes spoke a word. It seemed as if we dreaded to look one another in the face. At last I broke silence, and asked my fellow traveller what he thought of this sublime scene? "I think," said he, "that travellers have ex-"aggerated their accounts of this place." "I "am of the same opinion," said I. "It is cer-"tainly worth while to contemplate the foaming "current, precipitating itself from the rocks; "but where is the thundering, the sublime, the "awful cataract, which inspires the mind with "mingled emotions of astonishment and terror?" Such was our conversation; but fearing the gates of Schaffhausen might be closed before our return, we deferred our further view of this Fall to the next day. Quite fatigued I at length reached the town, and proceeded immediately to the Crown inn, where travellers generally stop, and where we were received with the utmost civility, notwithstanding we had come on foot,

and were entirely covered with dust. This inn is allowed to be one of the best in Switzerland, and has existed for more than two hundred years. *Montaigne*, who was there in 1581, mentions it in his travels with great commendations. We were supplied with an excellent supper, after which I went to bed, and slept soundly.

In the morning I waited on the Candidate *Müller*, author of *The Philosophical Treatises*, and Mr. Haupt, a wealthy merchant, to whom I had a letter of recommendation from Lavater. These two gentlemen received me with the greatest politeness, and were surprised that the Fall of the Rhine had not made stronger impressions upon me: their astonishment, however, subsided in some degree, when they were informed that I had merely viewed it from the Zurich side, and had seen it only from above. They assured me that I should certainly change my opinion when I should have a nearer view of it from the other side.

After dinner we set out again for the Fall, which is about two wersts from Schaffhausen. We descended from the mountain, and got into a boat. The agitation of the water was extremely violent; the boat was tossed to and fro' on the waves; and the nearer we approached the oppo-

site shore, with the greater violence they raged: a single squall of wind would have buried us in the roaring, foaming surge.

We clambered up the opposite shore, which is high and steep, with considerable difficulty; and, descending a little way, entered a gallery which is erected in the midst of the Fall. You must imagine to yourselves a rapid river, which in its course overcomes all the obstructions of prodigious masses of rocks, roaring against them with the most astonishing fury, and is at length forced over the top of a rock, which, like a perpendicular wall, interrupts its deep current: hence it is precipitated with inexpressible noise and fury, and, in falling, is converted into white foam. The fine aqueous particles which arise from these immense masses of water, rolling after one another in uninterrupted succession, and continually changing their forms, descend in a continued shower. The boards upon which we stood incessantly tottered, and the spray which flew around wetted us through. All eye and ear, I stood without uttering a word. The various sounds of the dashing billows form a harsh concert, which stupefies the mind. Here the painter throws down his pencil, and the poet cannot find words to describe this grand and awful scene.

scene. I was on the point of sinking on my knees, and asking pardon of the Genius of the Rhine, for having yesterday spoken so disrespectfully of this Fall.

We remained upon the gallery above an hour, which however appeared to glide away like a minute. As we crossed the Rhine on our return, we saw innumerable rainbows, caused by the refraction of the sun's rays by the aqueous vapour...a truly magnificent spectacle!

Finding that I stood in need of repose after the powerful emotions that had overwhelmed my mind, I sat down on the Zurich shore, and contemplated, quite at my ease, the Fall of this river, together with the adjacent country. The rock from which the Rhine is precipitated, is seventy-five feet in height. In the middle of the Fall are two other rocks; one of which, braving the almost resistless impetuosity of the waves, remains unshaken,...like the noble mind, which, unmoved by adversity, endures with fortitude the incessant attacks of malignant fate; but the other can scarcely maintain his ground, and seems likely soon to yield to the force of the current. On the opposite and steep shore of the Rhine, the old castle of *Laufen*, with churches, cottages, vineyards, and villages, form a delightful landscape.

We now determined to send back the coach we had hired, and engage a boat, in which we might go down the Rhine. As we proceeded I looked back several times at the Fall: at length it disappeared, but its roar sounded a long time in my ears. The boatman thought it necessary to inform us, that in America there was a cataract of the same kind, but he could not recollect the name of it. We had no doubt, however, but he meant that of *Niagara.*

Eglisau.

OUR boat was carried on the tumultuous surge between the fertile shores. The day drew towards a close, and I found my mind perfectly satisfied and serene. The agitation of the boat had caused my blood to circulate with a highly-pleasing animation. The sun, in mild majesty, poured his last rays from behind the thick foliage of the trees which crowned the lofty shore. His golden beams already mingled with the clear silver waves. Solitary houses proudly rose amid the vineyards, which constitute the whole wealth of peaceful families, living in the simplicity of nature. Oh! my friends! why were you not with me.

We landed at Eglisau, a little town half way between

tween Schaffhausen and Zurich; and, though the sun is now setting, we have resolved not to stay here. I feel myself so much refreshed after drinking a few cups of coffee that I could walk forty miles; and my fellow-traveller, who, with his dog and his hanger, has rambled all through Germany, knows not what it is to be tired. He always walks forward, and looks back from time to time to laugh at my weakness. It is above eight miles from hence to Zurich. To-morrow is Sunday, and Lavater preaches; we must therefore make haste. B. brings me my hat and stick. Farewell!

The Inn of a Village.

WE had scarcely left Eglisau before the sun set. Grey clouds covered the sky; every minute it grew darker, and we were soon enveloped in the mantle of night. The road led through a wood, in which reigned the silence of the grave; we stood still and listened, but not a leaf was ruffled. I loudly called out *Sylvan! Sylvan!* Echo repeated the name, and all was silent again. I fancied myself approaching the sanctuary of the god of the woods; that I saw him at a distance with his cypress branch. My heart felt such emotions, and at the same time such an awe mingled with tranquil pleasure, as cannot be described.

We

We walked in this manner above two hours without meeting a soul. On a sudden a violent and bleak wind arose, and B. himself confessed that he wished we might soon reach a village or an inn where we might pass the night. To this wish I gave my hearty concurrence; and the more readily, as my light dress was but little adapted to protect me from the chilling wind. At length we entered a small village, where every person was asleep; in one house only we beheld a light, and this was the inn.

The landlord surveyed us with amazement; and, shaking his head, exclaimed, "How can such gen-"tlemen ramble about in the dark!" He then conducted us into a spacious room in which I saw nothing but five or six large tables and some wooden chairs. We ordered supper. "That you "shall have in a moment," said the host, and immediately placed some bread, cheese, and butter, together with a bottle of sour wine, on the table. "Can you supply us with nothing more?" "No; "that is all I have." What was to be done? We shrugged our shoulders and began to eat. Our landlord then conducted us to our bedchamber; this was a garret, in which we found the bed, very hard and dirty. After having slept two hours, I rose, and taking the candle, went down stairs for the purpose of writing to you. While I am thus

employed,

employed, my fellow-traveller remains in a sound repose. However it is now high time to awaken him. The coffee is ready; the wind has ceased; the sky is serene; and daylight will soon appear. We must, therefore, lose no time in proceeding upon our journey.

Zurich.

WE entered Zurich at half past eight o'clock, just as the congregation was leaving the church,and thus we lost that opportunity of hearing Lavater preach. We observed that every one in the streets was dressed in their holiday suits. The men in general wore black coats, and the women had a black woollen dress, and wore hoods or veils. The holiday dress of the senators of Zurich consists of a black coat, over which is thrown a cloak of the same colour. Round the neck they wear exceedingly large white ruffs. In this pompous attire they usually appear in the senate-house and at church.

After dinner I visited Lavater, by whom I was very agreeably entertained. He wishes me to publish a selection of his works in the Russian language. "When you return to Moscow," said he, "I shall send you the manuscript by post. You may

" may then procure subscriptions for it, and assure " the public, that in this selection there will not " be a single word which has not been maturely " considered." What think you of this proposal, my friends? Do you think such a book would find readers among us? But few, I fear. I however accepted Lavater's proposal, and gave him my hand upon it. When I left him, I went to the public promenade out of the town. This is a large meadow on the banks of the Limmatt, surrounded with avenues of ancient venerable linden trees. I found a good deal of company there, who all saluted me as if I had been an acquaintance. It is the custom in Zurich to take off your hat to every person you meet. Politeness is, doubtless, very commendable; but the hand becomes at length tired of returning so many salutations, and I therefore resolved always to go uncovered in the town. At nine o'clock I again visited Lavater, with whom I supped. The company at table consisted of several friends and all Lavater's family, except his son, who is at present in London. His eldest daughter is not very handsome, but the youngest is very beautiful and lively. The former is upwards of twenty years of age, but the latter not much more than twelve. Our host was in high spirits, and very talkative and jocose. Among

other

other subjects our conversation turned upon one of his professed enemies. I observed him at that moment with the utmost attention; but he remained silent, and his countenance underwent not the slightest alteration. And can we, with justice, require him to commend those who censure him with such asperity? Is it not sufficient that he does not return like for like. *Pfenninger* informed me, that *Lavater* made it a constant rule never to peruse any publication which contained any thing in the shape of an opinion on himself; so that neither praise nor censure ever reaches his ears. I consider this as a proof of uncommon energy of mind: and he who constantly acts according to the dictates of his conscience, without regarding what others may think of him, is in my eyes a *great man.*

This morning I drank coffee with the father of Miss *T.* whom you know, and thus have become acquainted with his family, which is pretty numerous. It is surprising how people, whose circumstances, as far as report and observation can decide, are far from low, should have left their child in such a distant country; especially as the Swiss love their country with such enthusiasm, that they reckon it one of the greatest misfortunes to be obliged to leave it for any long period.

I went

I went with Mr. *T.......* to see the Zurich militia exercised. Almost all the inhabitants of Zurich were present, for it is to them an uncommon spectacle. A circumstance occurred here rather grating to my feelings: Professor *Breitinger*, whom I had not yet seen since my return from Schaffhausen, met me amidst the crowd, just as the manœuvres were finished; and, after the usual compliments, asked me how I liked what I had seen? Conceiving that he alluded to the Fall of the Rhine, my imagination instantly recalled that scene, in all its magnificence; the earth trembled beneath me; the roaring was tremendous; and I replied with ecstasy and enthusiasm, "Oh! who "can ever find words to describe this magnificent "spectacle! we can only gaze in silent astonish-"ment!" "They were our volunteers," replied he with a bow, and left me. I now perceived, that he did not mean the Fall of the Rhine, but the manœuvres of the Zurich troops. What must he have thought of my answer? I resolved, both for his sake and my own, to run after him, in order to convince him of the mistake that so sensibly wounded my self-love; but he was already out of sight.

Every day augments my admiration of *Lavater*; he has not an hour's leisure, and the door of his

closet is never shut. Hither throng beggars asking charity,...the afflicted who seek consolation,... travellers who, though they want neither, at least contribute to occupy his time. Besides, he visits the sick not only of his own parish, but likewise of many others. This evening, after writing several letters, he took his hat, and requested me to accompany him. I should like to see where he is going to, thought I, and followed him. We went out of one street into another, and at length through the gate of the town. We arrived at a small village and entered a cottage. "Is Anna yet alive," demanded Lavater of an old woman who came to meet us. "She scarcely breathes," replied she, with a flood of tears; and opened the door of a chamber; where I beheld, in a bed, an aged and emaciated woman, whose wan and livid countenance bespoke the near approach of death. Two boys and two girls stood round the bed and wept. The moment they saw Lavater, they ran and kissed his hands. He approached the patient, and asked her how she did. "I am dying! I am dying!" she replied, but was unable to say more. Her eyes were fixed on her bosom, which heaved with inward convulsion. Lavater sat down beside her, and began to prepare her for her departure. "Thy "hour is come;" said he, "thy Saviour awaits

" thee. Be not afraid of the grave! Not thou, " but only thy mortal body, will be deposited in it. " In the moment when thy eyes are closed to the " light of this life, the glorious morning of an " eternal and better life will shine upon thee. Be " thankful to God that thou hast attained a good " old age, and hast seen thy children and grand " children grow up, matured in honesty and virtue. " They will forever bless thy memory, and will " once embrace thee with raptures in the mansion " of the blessed. There, there, we shall all form " but one happy family." These last words he uttered in a tremulous voice, and wiped his eyes. He then prayed, blessed the dying sinner preparatory to her exit, and took his leave. He kissed the children, told them not to weep, and at his departure gave them some money. The dejection of my heart was very great, and even the pure evening air could scarcely restore me to a free respiration.

" Whence do you derive such strength and " patience?" said I to Lavater, in admiration at his indefatigable activity. " My dear friend," replied he, smiling, " it is in the power of every one to " perform a great deal if he will; and the more he " does, the more ability and inclination he will " find for active exertion."

Believe not, my friends, that Lavater, who does

so much good to the poor, is himself possessed of great riches. No; on the contrary, his income is very small; but from the sale of his printed works and manuscripts he acquires a considerable sum for the relief of his indigent brethren. I have myself bought two of his manuscripts; one is entitled, "An Hundred Secret Physiognomical Rules;" with the motto, "Never ridicule misery, or the means of alleviating it;" and the other is "A Monument for Travellers."* For the latter he would not take the money himself, but ordered me to pay it to a poor Frenchman who had requested relief of him.

Mr. T...... has invited me to accompany him in an excursion on the Lake of Zurich, from which I promise myself much pleasure.

I have this day commenced an acquaintance with a very amiable man, the Archdeacon *Tobler*, whom I before knew from his works, and particularly his translation of Thompson's Seasons, the publication

* Lavater, in his printed physiognomical works, has not treated of those features of the human countenance indicative of a disposition to vice or meanness; but in this manuscript treatise he speaks more freely. "The Monument for Travellers" is, in my opinion, one of his best works.

publication of which was superintended by his friend Gessner. He came to me early this morning with Mr. T......; his simplicity and ingenuousness charmed me. In company with him, Mr. T......, and both his daughters, I to-day made an excursion upon the lake. We could not possibly have chosen a finer day for the purpose; not a cloud obscured the sky, and the surface of the water resembled a mirror. The surrounding shores of the lake are embellished with handsome villages, the villas of rich Zurich gentlemen, and an uninterrupted range of vineyards. To-day it is exactly forty years, as Mr. Tobler informs us, since the immortal *Klopstock*, with his youthful friends, and the loveliest nymphs of Zurich, took a trip of amusement upon this lake. "Methinks I view "him now in his red coat!" exclaimed Mr. Tobler. "He that day shewed a marked atten-"tion to Miss *Schinz*, and *Werdmüller* made a "cockade of her glove, and pinned it to Klop-"stock's hat. The divine author of the Messiah "diffused joy around him, and he has chanted "these celestial pleasures, which great souls only "are capable of enjoying, in his ode, entitled "*Zurich's Lake*, which will be an eternal monu-"ment of his residence in this country, where the "laurel and myrtle wreath decorated his brows."

As

As a proof of Klopstock's high reputation in Switzerland, Mr. Tobler related, among other things, that two young shepherdesses came from the canton of Glarus to Zurich, with no other view than to see Klopstock. One of them, seizing his hand, exclaimed, "Ah! when I read in Cla-"rissa, or the Messiah, I am quite transported!" While we indulged in this kind of conversation with the worthy Archdeacon, the time flew so rapidly that I did not observe that we were already eight miles from the town. Here we landed at a village, the birth-place of Mr. Tobler, and of which his father had been the minister. The cottages in this village have a very comfortable appearance; and adjoining to almost every one of them is a small garden stocked with fruit-trees, together with beds of flowers and culinary vegetables. Within these habitations prevails the utmost cleanliness. I saw a peasant and his family at dinner. After having placed themselves round the table, the mistress of the house said grace. They then seated themselves; the husband by the side of his wife, the brothers by their sisters. The meal consisted of soup, butter, and cheese. After dinner, grace was again said, when the males took off their hats, which they very seldom do. They may frequently be seen, even in the towns,

at dinner, with their hats on, for the Swiss considers this privilege as a token of liberty and independence.

We dined at the inn, where we had some fish from the Lake of Zurich of an admirable flavour. It is generally asserted that people eat more in Switzerland than in any other country, which is ascribed to the keenness of the air; but to this I cannot accede; my appetite is certainly good, but by no means stronger than usual. After dinner we crossed the lake to the opposite shore, where we visited a relative of Mr. T......, who lives in a large mansion close to the water-side. He conducted us through his farm, and showed us his horses, cows, and extensive orchard; he also regaled us with excellent apricots and red wine, which he had grown himself. We set out again at seven o'clock for Zurich; I was gratified with the sight of the snow-clad mountains, gilded by the rays of the setting sun, and at length enveloped in the dark shade of night; the glistening windows of the town, at a distance, resembled a brilliant illumination. About ten o'clock we reached home.

The institution called the *Girls' School*, particularly deserves the notice of all travellers. Here sixty young girls are instructed gratis in reading,

reading, writing, accounts, together with morality and housekeeping, and are educated in such a manner as to become excellent wives and mothers. The sight of so many pretty and well-dressed girls, with silent diligence, profiting by the instructions of their respectable teachers, whose behaviour towards them resembles that of tender mothers, is highly pleasing. Here the daughter of a rich citizen sits beside the child of his poor neighbour, and learns that merit alone, and not wealth, deserves esteem. This benevolent institution was established in 1774, by Professor Usteri, who died in the beginning of the present year, universally regretted by his fellow-citizens.

Perhaps in no city in Europe are found such purity of manners and such probity as in Zurich. Here the laws of conjugal fidelity are strictly respected and obeyed; and should a woman throw herself in the way of public prostitution, she would become an object of universal indignation. Mothers consider the education of their children as the best way of employing their time; and, as even the most opulent families keep only one female servant, the mistress finds, in the management of her domestic concerns, sufficient employment, and is not corrupted by idleness, the source of so many vices.

The

The women seldom go into company: balls, theatres, masquerades, clubs, and magnificent festivals are totally unknown. At the same time two or three female friends occasionally meet and converse together as they sit at their work, or read Gessner, Klopstock, Thompson, or other authors, such as modesty may peruse without a blush. They rarely converse with men who are strangers to them, and are diffident of speaking before foreigners, conceiving that the Zurich dialect is not agreeable to the ear. They all dress with plainness and simplicity, and are perfect strangers to French fashions. Paint also is unknown amongst them. The men transact all their business in the morning; the merchant is then constantly found in his counting-house or shop; the literary man in his study, and the *artist* at his easel. At noon they dine, and towards evening they take their walk, or smoke tobacco over a cup of tea or a glass of wine with their friends. Each speaks on his particular occupation; the merchant on commerce; the learned man on literature; and thus they pass away the time. Whether cards are sold at Zurich I know not, but I am certain the inhabitants never play with them. This fashionable mode of killing time, which in other countries is grown into so strong a habit as to become almost indispensible, appears to be totally unknown here.

The

The wise legislators of the republic of Zurich, convinced that luxury is the bane of morality and virtue, have excluded it from their commonwealth. The men must neither wear velvet nor silk, nor the women diamonds nor laces. It is uncommon even to see any body wear a pellice in the most inclement season, as furs are very dear. Riding in carriages is likewise prohibited in the town, which renders sound and healthy feet of far greater value here than any where else. Rich and expensive furniture is never met with in the houses, where every thing is good, but simple. Foreign wines are imported, but they are allowed to be used only as a medicine. But this law does not appear to be very strictly enforced. I had always been informed, that living in Switzerland was very cheap, but I can now declare from experience, that this is by no means the case, every thing being much dearer here than in Germany. Bread, meat, wood, clothes, shoes, and other necessaries of life, are at a great price. The undoubted cause is the wealth of the Swiss, for where a country abounds with rich inhabitants, money is of less value, and consequently the necessaries of life are nominally dear. I pay at my lodgings 80 copecs for dinner, and I paid as much in Basel and Schaffhausen. It is true, however, that

that at the tables of the inns in Switzerland, we find seven or eight well-dressed dishes followed by a desert of four or five plates.

I go every day to Lavater, with whom I dine, and afterterwards in the evening we walk out. He appears to have a regard for me, is very friendly, and questions me at times concerning the circumstances of my life: he permits me also to propose written interrogatories to him. I submit to him almost every day some enquiry; he takes my paper, puts it in his pocket, and gives me in the evening a written answer; but he always keeps a copy for himself. I imagine that he intends to publish them in his Monthly Journal, which is to make its appearance in Berlin the beginning of next year, under the title of, *Answers to Questions proposed by my Friends*.*

Lavater's

* I guessed perfectly right... The first treatise in this Journal is the reply to my question respecting the purpose of existence. The expression, *the constant, most solid, and most suitable existence, is the purpose of existence,* appears ridiculous to the Reviewer in the *General German Review*: "Mr. K. he says, is probably better acquainted with Lavater's system than we are; and we thererefore leave to him the understanding this definition of existence." In fact, Lavater's ideas appear to me, in spite of the contempt shewn by the learned gentlemen at Berlin, not only intelligible and correct, but even perfectly familiar. There is nothing more in this expression, than that it may with propriety be called new. As for the rest,

He will likewise publish next year, his *Collection for Friends;* this work is to contain those treatises, which, for many reasons, he does not chuse to submit to the public at large. His friends only are to be supplied with this collection, which he wishes to be considered merely as a manuscript, notwithstanding its being printed.

Lavater's works at present exceed fifty volumes, and should he live twenty years longer, they may probably increase to as many more. Besides his works intended for the public, and the Treatises for his Friends, he keeps a Journal, which he preserves as a secret even from his most intimate friends, and which his son will, one day, inherit. In this he describes the most important circumstances of his life, his private connections, his hopes, his joys, and sorrows. Probably many interesting things will be met with in this book, which will certainly be printed at one time or other, though we most likely shall not live to see it.

I have been several times at the house of the venerable arch-deacon Tobler, and spent many very agreeable hours in his company. He has told me many things respecting Bodmer; and the Swiss Theocritus. "Gessner," said he, "embellished the spring of my life; and amid all

" the

rest, Mr. Adelung may possibly have reason to complain of the incorrectness of Lavater's style.

" the pleasing recollections of the agreeable
" scenes of youth, his image is always present
" to my view. Often have we shortened the
" tedious winter evenings by reading the poets;
" and almost every time that I visited him, he
" welcomed me with some new production of
" his fascinating pen. His house was such an
" academy of the arts and sciences, as kings are
" unable to create." You know, my friends, that Gessner dedicated his Daphnis to a youthful female; but possibly you may not know, that she was the daughter of the senator *Heidegger*; and that the author of Daphnis soon after married her, and ever retained for her the tender affection of his first love. It grieved me exceedingly to learn, that Gessner had a great aversion to Lavater; and that he could not, with all the efforts of their mutual friends, be persuaded to a reconciliation with him. But it is the more to Lavater's honor, that on the death of Gessner, he wrote an eulogy to his memory.

I have but once seen professor Meister, brother of the author of *Natural Morality*, who, on account of his writings, was banished from Zurich, and now lives in Paris. His exterior is not very attractive, but his conversation is highly agreeable; he speaks almost as well as he writes. I paid him

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the tribute of my gratitude for the pleasure I had received from the perusal of his "*Short Travels*, "*and Characteristics of German Poets*."

I this evening witnessed a magnificent spectacle. A dreadful thunder-storm continued for above two hours. You should have seen, how the purple and yellow flashes of lightning entwined the summits of the mountains, and have heard the thunder's incessant roar. It appeared as if the eternal thunderer was about to convert these cloud-capt eminences to ashes. But unchanged they stood; the tempest ceased to rage ...the thunder its roaring; and the gentle luna again peeped through the clouds.

A citizen of Zurich is prouder of his title, than a king of his crown. For upwards of one hundred and fifty years, no foreigner has been admitted to the privileges of a citizen. The freedom of this place was, however, offered to *Klopstock*, on condition of his settling at *Zurich*.

On Saturday evening *Lavater* shuts himself in his closet, to consider of his sermon, and which he completes in an hour. In fact it cannot be a difficult task, if all his sermons are like that which I heard to-day. "The Saviour has taken all "our sins upon himself; for which he is entitled "to our warmest gratitude." These thoughts, which

which he enlarged upon and embellished, comprised the whole substance of his discourse, exclamations, and declamation! ... nothing more! I must confess I expected something of a superior kind. You will perhaps say, "that it is necessary to speak thus to the multitude." But Sterne likewise spoke to the multitude, and yet touched the heart.. yours as well as mine. Lavater's deliberate delivery however has my complete approbation. The ministers here appear in the pulpit in a singular dress, together with white and very stiffly-starched cravats. At other times they are dressed in common black, or dark-coloured clothes; and Lavater wears besides a black velvet cap on his head. Perhaps this may be the reason why he is suspected of being a secret catholic. The men stand uncovered in the church during the singing of the Psalms; but as soon as the sermon begins they put on their hats and sit down.

I have to-day become acquainted with two countrymen of my friend B......, *Count Moltke*, and the poet *Baggesen*. The latter is author of two grand operas, which have been received by the public in Copenhagen with great applause, but afterwards caused the author the loss both of his tranquillity and his health. You wonder at it! but this was effected by causes perfectly natural...Envy

armed

armed against him a great number of authors, who employed their utmost exertions to convince the public, that Baggesen's operas were vile productions. The young poet however defended himself with warmth, but he found himself alone amidst a host of foes. They attacked him in the newspapers, journals, plays, and every where. For several months he stood the contest, until his strength failed, and he was at length compelled to quit the field. He then travelled to *Pyrmont* for the benefit of the baths; the physicians sent him from that place to Switzerland, in hopes that the mountain air would complete his recovery. The young *Count Moltke*, who was prosecuting his studies at Gottingen, resolved to accompany him. They are both acquainted with Lavater, and he likes them both on account of their vivacity, for they are equally friends to *ahs!* and *ohs!* The Count strikes his forehead and stamps with his feet; and Baggesen, folding his hands, fixes his eyes on heaven, when Lavater speaks with warmth upon any subject. To-day or to-morrow they go to Lucern, and B...... accompanies them.

Zurich, the 26th of August.

AT length I have determined upon leaving Zurich to-morrow, after a stay of sixteen days. I dined

dined to-day with Lavater for the last time; and he has, for the last time, dictated to me "Dictated!" You may depend upon it, and the complaisant Lavater even assures me, that I do not write German very ill. For the last time I have visited the banks of the *Limmat*; and the murmuring of the impetuous current never lulled my mind into such a a melancholy mood as to-day. I seated myself upon a bench at the foot of a lofty linden tree, immediately opposite the spot where the monument of *Gessner* will soon be erected. I had a volume of his works in my pocket; for it affords me a pleasure which cannot be described, to read his incomparable Idylls on the spot where they were composed. I took it out of my pocket, and opened it just at the following lines:...

"Posterity justly reveres the urn of the Poet "whom the muses themselves consecrated as the "teacher of virtue and innocence. His memory "ever flourishes, and lives when the warrior's tro-"phies have long sunk into decay; and the magni-"ficent monument of an unprincipled ruler, over-"grown in the midst of the wilderness with "weeds, bushes, and grey moss, merely serves "occasionally as a resting place to the bewildered "traveller. Few, indeed, according to the laws "of nature, arrive at this preeminence; yet, to

"aspire

"aspire to it deserves commendation. May each of "my solitary walks, and every lonely hour, be de- "dicated to such emulation!"

Imagine, my friends, with what exquisite sensibility I read this passage on the spot where NATURE and POETRY will weep over the urn of the immortal Gessner!*

Was he not by the muses consecrated as the teacher of virtue and innocence? will not his ever-flourishing memory exist when the warriors' trophies have long sunk into decay? The presentiment of immortality filled his soul, when, with his enchanting pen, he wrote these lines. The hand of all-destroying time may even at some future period annihilate the town in which the poet flourished; and, in the course of ages, Zurich may be forgotten; but the flowers of Gesner's muse will never fade; they will exhale their balmy sweets centuries hence, and refresh every heart. How many paths to renown are open to the author! What numerous crowns of immortality await him! Posterity will praise many; but not all with equal warmth. Ye, into whom bounteous Nature hath breathed a creative genius,

* On the monument NATURE and POETRY are to be represented by two female figures weeping over his urn.

nius, your works shall render you immortal; but, would you obtain the love of posterity, write as Gessner wrote! devote your pens to Virtue and Innocence.

Baden.

I LEFT Zurich this morning. Lavater would not take leave of me for ever. " You must," said he, " by all means pay another visit " at the banks of the Limmat." He gave me eleven letters of recommendation to different towns in Switzerland, and he assured me of his unalterable friendship. The venerable Tobler bade me farewel till our joyful meeting in the blissful mansions of eternity, which is his most pleasing thought morning and evening.

In every verst from Zurich to Baden, I met with chaises and coaches, filled with English, German, and French; for, from the month of June to October, Switzerland is full of travellers, who wish to enjoy the beauties of nature. I have also seen something in Switzerland that is farfrom pleasing me. Carriages are almost incessantly surrounded by children begging. Regardless of a refusal, they run aft the coach, and play all kinds of tricks a trifle of money. One stands

stands on his head, another makes various contortions of the body, some blow on whistles; others hop on one foot, with paper caps a yard high on their heads. They are delighted with this easy method of obtaining money, though not obliged by poverty to beg. What a pity it is, that parents do not bestow more attention upon them! These little rogues may, when they grow up, spread a dangerous moral disease in their country, that might contribute to subvert the liberty of the republic. Then, ye excellent Swiss, the balsamic air of your mountains and vallies would not avail you. The beauty of the delicate goddess would fade, and your tears would never be able to recal departed Liberty!

The small town of Baden, where we dine, is on all sides surrounded by high mountains. It is celebrated for its warm baths; which were known as early as the time of the Romans, by the name of *Aquæ Helveticæ*. As they are not three hundred paces distant from town, I instantly went to them. The two baths nearest to the principal spring, and of course, the most efficacious, are set apart for the use of the poor. I saw about twenty persons in them sitting in the water up to the neck. Their pale and sallow countenances shewed that they did not use the water only for pleasure. In many

many of the inns here are also baths, into which both the sick and healthy are admitted for a trifling consideration. The water is intolerably hot, and smells of brimstone. It is conducted from the other side of the Limmat, by means of subterraneous pipes which even go underneath the river, and which precipitates with dreadful velocity between the mountains.

The number of bathers amounts sometimes to eight hundred. The women here wear large horns on their heads, like those of Satyrs, which disfigure them exceedingly.

I must mention another singularity, which I have found in all the towns of Switzerland that I have travelled through. Most of the houses have signs with inscriptions, many of which are exceedingly stupid and absurd.

One of these may serve as a specimen for the rest:

Auf Gott deine Hoffnung bau
Denn dies haus heisst zur schwarzen sau.

Which signifies,

Build thy hope on God, for this house is called the black Sow.

In a free country, my friends, every one is at liberty to do and write any foolish things, and in any way he pleases. To this may be added, that every one strives to render himself celebrated in

some

some manner or other, and the authors of such rhymes, who were, most certainly, strangers to literature, considered this a certain method of preserving their memory. The production of an ancestor is venerated by his descendant; and thus the inscriptions are preserved from one generation to another.

The country people in Switzerland are fond of painting their houses with all kinds of colours and figures, which, in general, represent their heroes, and the atchievements of their forefathers. Sometimes you meet with the arms of the canton, with an inscription to this effect:

"When Humility wept and Hope laughed,
"Then was the Swiss Confederacy established.*"

Arau, eight o'clock in the evening.

TO-DAY I passed the ruins of *Habsburg*. Here formerly dwelt, as you know, the Counts of Habsburg, from whom is descended the House of Austria. You may easily imagine with what reflections I viewed the ancient towers, from which Rudolph's ancestors defied their enemies.

At present it is inhabited only by a watchman,

* A sentiment that is neither foolish nor absurd.

man, who, in cases of fire in any of the adjacent places, gives a signal by firing a musquet.

The fields and villages in the canton of Bern, are superior in every respect to those of the canton of Zurich. Nothing can be finer than the meadows in the former. They are all planted round with fruit-trees, and intersected by many meandering streams, which sometimes unite, and sometimes part again into several branches, and pursue their serpentine course through the luxuriant plains. Here is an avenue laid out by the hand of nature herself, and there umbrageous groves invite the wanderer to enjoy their cooling shades. In every village prevail order and cleanliness. The cottages are thatched with straw, and are commonly divided into two partitions: one consists of two rooms and a kitchen, and the other contains the hay-loft, the barns, and stables.

Nothing is to be seen in ruins, or in want of repairs. Convenience is principally studied, and every necessary abundant, and excellent in quality. This blossoming, prosperous condition of the common people in Switzerland, is principally owing to their paying scarcely any taxes, and living in perfect liberty and independence. They have no other imposts to pay but the tythe of the produce of their lands; though many of them possess, perhaps, fifty thousand dollars. They all dress in

a very simple manner. In the summer they wear, in the week time, a jacket of coarse linen; and they appear, on Sundays only, in blue or grey cloth coats. The women wear straw hats, red petticoats, and dark-coloured gowns. Their hair is plaited in tresses. Round the head they bind a ribbon of black velvet, and wear white handkerchiefs.

Berne, the 28th of August.

I ARRIVED here this morning early. It was but with difficulty that I could get a room at the Crown Inn, the town is so crowded with strangers. After changing my clothes, I went to Doctor Rengger, to whom I had a letter of recommendation from Lavater. He received me very kindly, and as I particularly wished to see the town, he offered to be my guide. *Bern* is an ancient, but handsome city. The streets are straight, spacious, and well paved. In the middle of them are deep channels, down which the water rushes with great noise and rapidity. They serve to carry off all filth of the town, and are of great utility in case of fire. The houses are almost all in the same style, of white stone, three stories high, and are a striking emblem of the

the equality of the inhabitants. How different are many other large cities of Europe, where the meanest cottage humbly bends beneath the shade of the immense and magnificent palace. But the piazzas before the houses in Berne please me more than any thing else, they are so commodious for pedestrians; for, under these galleries, they may laugh at the roughest weather.

At the *Orphan-House* of this place, to which my conductor led me, I found the most admirable cleanliness and regularity. Few of them are actually orphans; the greater part of the pupils consisting of children, who, for a small sum, receive insruction and board in this institution.

From it we went to the public library. On the way I saw, on a pleasant little green square, a chained bear, to which the passengers threw bread and other victuals. Mr. Rengger told me that a live bear is always kept in Berne, because this city has that animal for its arms, and derives its name from the German word Bär [bear]. Tradition says that the founder of this city, a *Duke* of *Zahringen*, was just going a hunting, when the conversation turned upon what name should be given to the new town. He resolved to call it after the first animal that he might kill; and this happened to be a bear. Hence this appellation.

In

In the library I observed many good books, and some pretty paintings; however, nothing attracted my attention so much as a Basso Relievo, representing a portion of the Alps, and exactly that part which I hope to see in reality within a few days. The mountains here appear in their true forms, with their vallies, lakes, villages, cottages, and every other particular, even the smallest footpaths are not omitted; but yet the model of Berne is said to be far inferior to that of General Pfyffer, a citizen of Lucerne. This man has, with admirable perseverance, traversed the mountains in every direction, has made drawings of them himself, has measured, and represented them in miniature with the utmost accuracy. He was twice seized as a spy by the inhabitants of the mountains, and was at length obliged to confine his surveys to the night by moon-light, that he might not be seen. He was accompanied in this fatiguing and dangerous expedition by two goats, whose milk supplied his only nourishment.

I next went to the celebrated *Terrace*, a promenade close to the cathedral church, where the shade of venerable chesnut trees affords a refreshing coolness even on the hottest day in summer.

From this terrace, which is between six and seven hundred feet high, and is the work of

human industry, is seen a range of lofty mountains, whose summits are buried beneath everlasting snow, and when illumined by the sun appear like beautiful, delicate clouds. Underneath runs the *Aar*, which precipitates itself with great noise from a considerable height. On the wall, which surrounds this promenade, I found a stone with the following inscription:

"In honour of the almighty and miraculous "providence of God, and as a memorial for posterity, this stone was erected on this spot, from "which Mr. *Theobald Weinzapfli*, when a student, fell on the 25th of May, 1654; after "which accident he lived 30 years as minister "of *Kerzersee*, and died in an advanced age "on the 25th of November, 1694."

However extraordinary it may appear, that a man, precipitated from such a height, should remain alive, yet the circumstance, according to the *Bernese*, has never been doubted. It is said, that the student wore a wide gown, which, being swelled by the air, served him as a parachute, so that he came quite gently to the ground.

To-day, after dinner, I was with the Rev. Mr. *Stapfer*, a very worthy Swiss. I staid with him till evening, when we went to take a walk out of town.

town. We observed from a summer-house which stands on a considerable eminence, that the mountain summits flamed with fires of various colours. I now felt the force of Haller's verse: "And it is God who empurples the tops of the "mountains with lightnings."

Stapfer just at this moment said something to me, and I took off my eyes for a few minutes from this magnificent spectacle. When I looked again, the rose-coloured and purple flames had disappeared. The sun had set. Surprized at this sudden change, I was ready to exclaim: Thus vanishes the glory of the world! thus fades the rose of youth! thus expires the torch of life! I grew dejected, and we returned with slow steps to the town.

This morning early I visited the Rev. Mr. *Wyttenbach*, a learned natural philosopher. He has translated *Saussüre*'s Travels in Switzerland, and is author of a short instruction for those who intend to visit the Alps. He is at present occupied with a description of the productions peculiar to Switzerland. Notwithstanding his taste is quite different from mine, and though, as he assures me, he never reads novels or poems, and I am likewise a stranger to his favorite science, we however found subjects of conversation, which to him and me were

alike interesting. We spoke of *Haller*, with whom he was very intimately acquainted. He told me, amongst other things, that *Haller*, a few days previous to his death, notwithstanding his feeble and infirm state, had read with great interest a description of several new physical experiments, and had repeated some of them. Thus he consecrated even the last hours of his life to the sciences to which he had been all his life attached! *Wyttenbach*, who travels every year to the most remote part of the Alps, has never yet been at Zurich. He said; "I shall have time enough to visit towns, when "age prevents me from climbing the Alps."

I saw to-day on the terrace the Count *d'Artois*, with a large company of French Nobility. He does not look amiss, and wishes to appear gay, but, even his very smile may be perceived the affliction of his mind. To what changes are mortals subject! He has passed several weeks at a country house near this place, and is now going to Italy, whither a great number of emigrants accompany him. "A good journey!" cry the inhabitants of Berne, who are not at all satisfied with these unbidden guests.

At the *table d'hote* usually dine more than thirty English and French, between whom frequently arise violent disputes concerning the late occurrences in France. I in-

I intend to-morrow to pursue my journey to the Glaciers. I leave my things behind, and take nothing with me but a warm great coat, some linen, paper, and lead pencil.

Thun, 10 o'clock in the evening.

I LEFT Bern at two o'clock in the afternoon, and I arrived here at six. On the road I every where saw gay country folks, occupied in collecting the produce of their favoured fields. I observed amongst them many with large wens.

After having ordered supper at the Inn, I went about the town, and ascended the high steeple which commands a view of several chains of mountains, and the whole extensive lake of Thun, on which the town is situated.

On the Lake of Thun, 5 o'clock in the morning.

THE darkness of the night gradually disappears. The mountains appear more and more distinct. Every thing appears to smoke. The boat is enveloped in fine vapours, and the humidity penetrates my clothes. My eyes close involuntarily. The good-natured Swiss offers me a dirty bag for a pillow! Charming nature! forgive my weakness

if for a few hours, I shut my eyes to thy magnificence.

7 o'clock.

On both sides of the lake extend chains of mountains, planted here and there with vines, and covered in other parts with lofty firs. Limpid streams precipitate themselves from the rocks. In the vallies glisten cottages...the habitations of gaiety, simplicity, and perhaps content. Eternal wisdom! what variety thy physical and moral system affords! On the north side of the lake, St. Beatus, the first christian in Switzerland, passed his days in a cavern in a high mountain, by the side of a murmuring streamlet. The mountain still bears his name.

On the southern shore of the lake stands the antient castle of *Spiez*, once belonging to the family of *Bubenberg*, which was one of the principal and most antient in the canton of Berne. Several of this family rendered the republic essential services, and shed their blood for their country. The last branches of this house were Leonhard and Amelia. The most illustrious families of Berne sought their alliance; and at length Leonhard chose the beautiful Erlach, and his sister gave her hand to her brother. The day appointed for their nuptials arrived, and was hailed with universal joy, as the

day

day that was to unite the first families of Berne in the closest ties. The two equally youthful and amiable pairs were the subject of general congratulation. The festivities in celebration of the nuptials were innumerable. After a splendid dinner, they resolved upon an excursion on the lake. The sky was pure and serene; a gentle breeze cooled the mirthful rowers, and played in the flaxen hair of the beauteous brides. Light waves dashed around the boat, and their soft murmur infused mild melancholy into the hearts of the lovers, who clung trembling to each other, and in vain endeavoured to conceal the violence of their passion, which was betrayed by its reverberation on their glowing cheeks. Evening approached before they thought of returning. The sun set; and suddenly, as if let loose from the depths of hell, the tempest roared, the waves arose, and the steersman was affrighted. He endeavoured to steer for the shore, but the darkness prevented him from discovering it. The oars dropped from the wearied boatmen, and every returning wave threatened to swallow up the boat. Conceive only the situation of the unfortunate lovers. At first they endeavoured to encourage the crew, and even assisted them with their own hands. But at length, perceiving that all their efforts were unavailing and

that

that death was inevitable, they recommended themselves to the mercy of providence, wiped away their last tears, embraced each other, and thus awaited the close of the catastrophe which quickly followed. A high wave overwhelmed the boat, and sunk them all into a watery grave: one rower only escaped, who fortunately swam to shore, and brought the melancholy intelligence. Thus the antient family of *Bubenberg* became extinct, and the family of *Erlach*, at present considered the most distinguished in the canton of Berne, inherited the castle. I viewed it with sorrowful sensations: the wind whistled through its deserted walls.

Unterseen, 10 *o'clock*.

WE landed about two wersts from this place, and I proceeded to *Unterseen*, through a delightful valley, between meadows, and kitchen gardens. The Alps here appeared uncommonly high, and close together. Here are neither fields nor vineyards. The cottages are built in quite a particular manner, and even the people have something peculiar in their physiognomy. I have hired a conductor at this place, who is acquainted with the Alps. In half an hour we set off for *Lauterbrunnen*, which is about ten wersts from hence.

Lauterbrunnen.

THE road from Unterseen to *Lauterbrunnen* leads through a valley along the *Lutschine*...a rivulet, which precipitates itself with extraordinary rapidity from rock to rock. Beyond the ruins of the castle of *Unspunen*, the valley gradually becomes narrower. till at last it divides into two parts. The road to the left leads to *Grindelwald*, and that to the right to *Lauterbrunnen*. I soon perceived that village, which consists of a number of small houses dispersed through the valley, and on the declivity of the mountain.

At the distance of two wersts from *Lauterbrunnen*, I observed the so-called *Staubbach*, which precipitates itself from the top of a rock above nine hundred feet high. At the distance from which I first saw it, the fall resembled an immoveable pillar of milk-white foam. I approached this phenomenon with swift steps, and viewed it from all sides. The water rushes with such force, as scarcely to touch the side of the rock. It is instantly dispersed in air, and at length reaches the ground in the form of fine mizzling rain, which may be perceived in a circumference of a hundred paces. My clothes became thoroughly wet in a few minutes. We then approached another water-fall, called the *Trummerbach*. The

current

current has broken through a large rock, from which it rushes furiously into the valley; where it by degrees becomes placid, and at last flows along in a limpid stream. The perforated rock, and the thundering water-fall, belong to those rude beauties which delight the lover of nature. Seated upon an elevated stone I contemplated this grand spectacle above an hour, and at length returned to *Lauterbrunnen*, where I arrived much fatigued.

Eight o'clock in the evening.

THE moon, in mild majesty, has risen above the valley. I am sitting on a soft green-plot, and see her shed her silver light over the mountains, glimmer through the dark verdure of the fir-trees, and illumine the summit of the *Jungfrau*, one of the loftiest of the Alps, which is covered with everlasting ice. It is crowned with two snow-clad summits resembling the breasts of a female bosom. Not a creature has yet ascended, nor can even the tempest reach them; only the sun and moon play upon their delicate surface. Perpetual silence prevails around them...there is the termination of the terrestial creation. I look around me, but can no where discover a passage out of this narrow valley.

From the Herdsmen's cottages on the Alps.

MY conductor wakened me at four o'clock. I grasped my herculean club, followed him, and proceeded the first step up the mountain with veneration. I climbed forward. The morning was at first cool; but it grew soon so hot as to oblige me to put off my great coat. In a short time I became tired, and was forced to rest frequently. My blood was at the same time so strongly agitated, that I could hear my pulse beat. My conductor shewed me prodigious fragments, which, about ten years since, were detached from the rock, and could easily have overwhelmed a whole town. I perceived almost incessantly a faint noise, occasioned by the snow falling from the mountains. Woe to the unhappy wanderer, who is over-taken by these masses of snow! His death is inevitable. I kept ascending above four hours on a narrow path, which now and then entirely disappeared; and at last attained to the object of my most fervent wishes. I arrived at the top of the mountain, where a most wonderful alteration at once took place with me. I lost all sensation of fatigue, my strength returned, I breathed with ease and freedom, and an uncommon tranquillity and joy took possession of my heart. I sunk upon my knees,

and,

and, looking towards heaven, I offered up my adoration to him who has so plainly stamped the seal of his omnipotence, grandeur, infinity, upon these masses of rock and snow. I stood on the highest step which mortals can tread, when they wish to approach the throne of the Most High. I was incapable of uttering a word; and yet, I am sure I never prayed with such fervor as at that moment. Thus I here experienced the truth of what *Rousseau* somewhere says, concerning the effects of the mountain air. I had left behind in the valley all those sorrows and cares, all those thoughts and sensations, which confine and oppress the nobler part of man; and I looked with compassion on the inhabitants of *Lauterbrunnen*, without envying them the magnificent spectacle of the silver *Staubbach*, which the sun's rays must, at that moment, have illumined. Here, man feels the grand purpose for which he was designed; here, he forgets his earthly native country, and becomes a citizen of the universe. Here, the stream of time vanishes from his mind's eye, and his ideas are plunged in the ocean of eternity. When he looks at the mountains, connected by chains of ice, and covered with perpetual snows, on which the lapse of ages makes not the slightest alteration, reverential awe thrills his heart; when

he

he reflects on the omnipotent hand that piled these mighty masses up to the clouds; and will, perhaps, once sink them into ocean's profoundest abyss. I continued my route with swift step and cheerful mind, across this mountain, which is called the *Wengenalpe;* and, after having passed by the *Jungfrau,* and the *Eiger,* both of which rest upon the *Wengenalpe,* as upon a pedestal, I arrived at some cottages inhabited, in summer, by herdsmen. These honest, artless people obliged me to go into their cottages, where they set before me milk and cheese. They had no bread, but that article my conductor had provided. This formed my frugal repast, seated on the trunk of a tree; for table and chairs constitute no part of the furniture of these simple children of nature. Two sprightly young shepherdesses, who looked at me, smiled incessantly; but, when I told them that I was delighted with a life like theirs, simple and free from cares, and that I should like to remain in their company, and milk the cows with them, they burst into loud laughter.

Grindelwald, seven o'clock in the evening.

AFTER leaving the herdsmens' cottages, we walked above an hour on flowery, odoriferous meadows, covered with grazing herds. We then descended towards *Grindelwald*, which was within view. This village, consisting of between two and three hundred houses scattered over the valley, affords an agreeable view. At the same time, I observed the upper *Glacier*; it was some time before we could discover the lower, as it was hid by the mountain which we were descending. These *Glaciers* are the objects which attract travellers to *Grindelwald*. I went to see the lower, which was the nearest to me. Between two mountains rise immense masses, or pyramids of ice; in which I did not, however, like a French traveller, discover any resemblance to the crystal castles of inchantment; but they certainly exhibit a magnificent spectacle. I do not recollect who first compared the *Glaciers* to a turbulent sea, whose waves are suddenly arrested by the most intense frost, and converted, at once, into ice; but the thought is admirably expressive, and truly poetic.

After viewing the *Glaciers* from the spot where the turbid current of the *Lutschine* precipitates

itself

itself with a dreadful roar, from one of its cavities, and hurries along large stones in its course, I resolved to ascend higher. Unfortunately, my conductor was not acquainted with the most convenient way to the summit of the hill. This was not sufficient to deter me from my purpose, and I began to ascend by the side of the ice. I had no other footing than small stones, which rolled from under my feet, and I stumbled every moment, till I was at length obliged to creep on all-fours; and to lay hold of the large stones, in order to help myself forward. My guide called after me, that he should abandon me to my fate. I regarded him with contempt, and, without returning him any answer, climbed higher and higher, till I had at last surmounted every obstacle. I had then a view over, almost, the whole of this mountain of ice; over which are scattered, as it were, lofty pyramids. At a distance, they appear smaller and smaller; and at length totally disappear. I lay here, above an hour, on a stone projecting over the abyss, and then set off on my return to *Grindelwald*, where I arrived, if not quite without feet, at least without shoes. Fortunately, I had taken another pair with me, in case they should be wanted.

On the Mountain Scheideck, ten o'clock in the forenoon.

I LEFT *Grindelwald* this morning at five o'clock, and passed by the upper *Glacier*, which afforded me far more pleasure than the lower, for its pyramids are of a much purer, and more beautiful azure colour. Above four hours I kept ascending, and was as much fatigued to-day as yesterday. The mountain-swallows flew around me, and twittered their melancholy notes. I heard the distant sound of bleating flocks; and the grass and flowers diffused around me odours that renewed my sinking strength; the pyramidal *Schreckhorn*, the loftiest of the *Alps*, being, according to *Pfyffer*'s measurement, two thousand four hundred fathoms in height, was on one side; and before me rose the terrific *Wetterhorn*, which often attracts thunder-clouds, and is enveloped in livid lightnings. Two drifts of snow, which the sun had loosened, fell from its summit before my eyes. At first I heard a tremendous report, which made me tremble, and instantly saw two prodigious masses of snow rolling along from one declivity of the mountain to another, and at length falling with a faint noise, like dis-

tant

tant thunder, succeeded by an immense white cloud of snow-dust.

On the mountain *Scheideck* I found more herdsmen, who treated me with cheese and milk. After this light and wholesome repast, I am now sitting on a knoll of the mountain, and viewing the eternal masses of snow, in which I discover the springs of those streams which water our vallies.

This snow is the great reservoir of nature, from which, in times of drought, she revives the parched world; and, were it possible for this snow to be melted all at once, the earth would be inundated by a second deluge.

It is impossible to behold, without a certain shivering, these limits of the earthly creation, where even not the least vestige of life presents itself—not a tree nor shrub—all around is a melancholy desert. Nothing interrupts the death-like silence of these rugged rocks, but the king of birds, the *Alpine* eagle, which now and then carries off a poor shamoy, as his prey. The shamoys endeavour to save themselves through their agility, but in vain!—in vain they bound from rock to rock! The cruel enemy does not leave his prey till he has driven it to the edge of a precipice, where the unfortunate victim can find no path to escape.

With a powerful stroke of his wings, he then precipitates it into the abyss; where, notwithstanding their agility, they are infallibly lost. He then draws them out with his sharp claws, and bears off his prize in triumph. However, this bird is not the only enemy of the defenceless shamoys. The hunters are still more destructive to them. These hunters climb, fearless of all dangers, up the steepest rocks. However, many find their graves in the cliffs and precipices, or are overwhelmed in the snow. Many dreadful accidents of this kind are related. For instance: a shamoy-hunter, from *Grindelwald*, was hunting on the *Schreckhorn*. He pursued his prey from rock to rock. His foot suddenly slipped, when on the very summit of a steep eminence. The abyss yawned beneath him, and, already, the sharp rock threatned to impale him—he only hung by his feet from the rock, and thus sustained himself above the horrid precipice. Only imagine the horrors of such a situation!—None of his companions were able to assist him—none durst leap on the edge of the rock. Thus he hung, between heaven and earth—between life and death, till he was able to place his hands against the rock, and, in this manner, to raise himself upon his feet, upon which he crept down again by degrees.

Vall

Valley of Hassley.

AFTER resting about two hours with the shepherds, I continued my route down the mountain. The first remarkable object which now presented itself, was the *Glacier* of *Rosenlawin*, indisputably the finest of all the *Glaciers*. It consists of the purest sapphire-blue pyramids, which proudly elevate their jagged summits. I walked now in the shade of ancient fir-trees, which screened me from the rays of the sun. Around me no vestige of human creatures was to be seen.—Wherever I turned my eyes, I beheld nothing but a desert wilderness. From grey, moss-clad rocks foaming rivulets precipitated themselves, whose noise was augmented by the echo of the woods.—When I came into the valley, I found the most delightful odoriferous meadows that it is possible to conceive. I cannot describe the pleasure I felt at the sight of these verdant fields, after having so long seen nothing but sterile rocks and masses of snow. In every meadow I rested a few minutes; and, in thought, kissed every blade of grass. I at length arrived at a small village, whose inhabitants live in the genuine simplicity of the pastoral state. They understand nothing but breeding of cattle; and milk is their

only

only nourishment. Their large cheeses are chiefly exported to *Italy*. The dairies, in which they make the cheese, rest on high pillars, or props; and are constructed of thin boards, to admit a free circulation of air. As I was extremely thirsty, I requested a young shepherd, who was seated at the door of a cottage, situated on the bank of a limpid streamlet, to bring me a glass. He did not understand me immediately, but as soon as he comprehended what I wanted, he instantly ran into the house, and brought a cup. "It is clean," said he, in bad German, shewing it to me. He then ran to the rivulet, filled the cup several times with water, which he poured out again; at the same time looking at me with a smile. He at last filled it, and brought it me, saying, "Drink, my friend,—drink our water." I was about to press the good-natured, obliging man, to my heart, as my brother. Oh! my friends, why were we not born in those times, when all men were shepherds and brethren? I would willingly renounce most of the comforts of life, for which we are indebted to superior knowledge and illumination, if I could return to that state of nature in which mankind originally existed.

The true pleasures of life—those delights of the

soul

soul which render us truly happy, were enjoyed by mankind in those times—and even more than at present. What delights did they not derive from love, which no law prevented, when the gifts of nature were of far more value than those of blind chance, which are incapable of imparting true worth!——How happy were they through friendship, and the contemplation of the beauties of nature!—It is true, our present habitations and clothing are more convenient; but, are our hearts more tranquil? Ah! no!—a thousand troubles, a thousand cares, to which man, in a state of nature, was a perfect stranger, now distract our minds; and every enjoyment is followed by its shadow, disgust.—Ruminating in this manner, I left the shepherd. I looked back, and perceived that he followed me with his eyes, in which the wish was clearly to be read—"Go, and be happy!" God knows, that I also wished him all possible happiness; but he had already found it. A violent noise broke the thread of my ideas. "What is that?" I asked my guide, and stood to listen. "We are approaching," answered he, "the most celebrated cataract of the *Alps*, the *Reichenbach*." Though in a tour in *Switzerland* cascades are so common, and the traveller is so often wet by the drizzling

drizzling rain arising from them, that he at last becomes indifferent to those objects, yet I was very curious to see the chief and principal of the Swiss cataracts. The distant noise promised me something grand and sublime, and my imagination was anticipating the beauties of this spectacle, when I suddenly discovered another magnificent prospect; which, for a time, made me forget *Reichenbach*. Alas! that I am not a painter!—that I cannot instantly transfer to my paper the beautiful and fertile vale of *Hassly*, which appeared like a garden in the highest state of cultivation, between rugged rocks, whose summits are enveloped in clouds! Groves of fruit-trees, between which are small wooden houses, forming the village *Meyringen*; the river *Aar* traversing the valley in a longitudinal direction—numerous small streams precipitating themselves from steep rocks, and propelling their silver current through delicious verdure altogether formed such a romantic and imposing picture, as I never saw before. Ought I not, my friends, to thank Heaven, for all the grand and exquisite scenes which present themselves to my eyes in *Switzerland*?

At length my conductor reminded me of *Reichenbach*. In order to have a near view of it,

I was

I was obliged, notwithstanding my fatigue, to cross another considerable eminence; however, the road was fortunately not stony; but consisted of a green turf wet with a continual drizzling shower, proceeding from the cataract. Fifty paces from the cascade I was enveloped by it, as by a fog. However, I approached the cavity into which the *Reichenbach* precipitates itself, with a dreadful bellowing and thundering noise, hurrying along prodigious stones and trees of great magnitude. O! that I could but describe the inexpressible rapidity with which wave after wave darts into the unfathomable abyss; again rises aloft, and is swallowed up in the foaming vortex, which spreads around a humid cloud of white vapour!—But my imagination, in vain, seeks for comparisons, similes, and pictures!—Every sensible mind must admire those grand objects, the fall of the *Rhine* and the *Reichenbach*; but what pencil, what pen, can represent them? Deafened by the thunder that burst around me, I sank, almost senseless, on the ground.

I was involved in clouds of fine watery particles; and whirlwinds, caused by the force of the fall of such a mass of water, whistled around me, till I was obliged to retire, for fear of taking a cold that might be productive of serious

consequences.

consequences. If any person had seen me in that condition, he must have thought that I had just been drawn out of the river, for I had not a dry thread upon me, and the water poured from me in streams.

We were only three wersts from *Meyringen*, and the road was by far not so disagreeable as the ascent to the *Scheideck*; but these three wersts encreased my fatigue to the highest pitch, for the heat in the valleys was quite intolerable; the beams of the sun, reflected by the bare rocks, heated the atmosphere the more, as a cooling breeze seldom blows here. Some women, who met me, said pitifully, "how hot it is, young "stranger!"

The village of *Meyringen* consists of small wooden houses, dispersed at great distances throughout the valley. In general stone buildings are very rare in the villages of the *Alps*. The inhabitants of the valley of *Hassly* are within hearing of the incessant noise arising from the fall of the *Reichenbach*, and other cataracts. These brooks, formed by the melting of the snow, frequently swell so dreadfully, that they inundate the whole valley, together with the houses, gardens, and meadows. A few years since, an inundation of this kind caused great devastation,

devastation, and entirely covered this charming valley with sand and stones. But the inhabitants could not think of abandoning their beloved birth-place, where they and their ancestors had enjoyed such numberless blessings. The ground was soon cleared, and again covered with grass and flowers. The charms of nature in this happy valley are rivalled by those of its inhabitants; particularly of the women, almost all of whom, without exception, are beauties, with a colour like the rose of the *Alps*; ...any of them might serve as a model of *Flora*. Will you now wonder if I stay here a few days? Perhaps there is no where else in the world another *Meyringen*. It is, however, a pity that the girls disfigure themselves so extremely by their dress. They for instance wear such very short waists, that their clothes have the appearance of sacks. I found an excellent inn at this place.

Eleven o'clock at night.

I PASSED the evening very agreeably; I rambled about the valley, among the groves and meadows, and, upon my return to the village, I found a great number of young people of both sexes, engaged in playing, running, and all kinds of sport. They were celebrating a wedding. I easily dis-

tinguished the bridegroom and bride from among the rest; they were the handsomest pair that can be imagined; the most charming carnation played upon their cheeks, and their eyes swam in tears; they tried to be as gay as the rest, but a mild melancholy, expressed in all their motions, distinguished them from all the other swains and shepherdesses. I stepped up to the bridegroom, and, tapping him in a friendly manner on the shoulder, said to him, "You are very happy, my friend!" The bride looked at me, and I perceived in her expressive looks her modest thanks for my praise. What delicate sensibility these daughters of the *Alps* possess! how well they understand the language of the heart. The swain regarded his mistress with a smile; their looks met....What eloquence! A singular thought entered my mind. I wished to leave the happy couple a token of remembrance, that in the future periods of their union they might recollect, that a stranger from a remote northern region had been present on their wedding-day, and had participated in their joy. I considered and sought, but could find nothing, excepting a copper medal, with the head of a *Grecian* youth, given me by my friend *B.* "Accept of this," I said to the bride, "as a token of my good wishes for

"you

you and your bridegroom." She stared by turns at the medal, at her lover, and at me, and was embarrassed how to behave. "I am a native of a country," I added, "where it is customary to make some present or other to a bride; and I beg of you to accept of this trifle, with the same good-will that I give it." "And of what country are you a native?" asked a venerable old man, seated on a log of wood. "*Russia*," I replied. "*Russia!* Yes, I have heard of that country. Where does it lie?" "Far, far from hence, my friend! behind yon mountain; direct north." "True, true, I recollect." Meantime the young couple whispered each other, and the bride took the medal, and thanked me for it. She held the medal to her husband, who turned it round in his hands, and gave it her again. I rejoiced at their happiness, and thought on the verses of *Haller*, in his poem, *The Alps*, to the following effect:

Soon as a youthful swain feels the gentle fire, which is easily kindled by a languishing eye in the breast of sensibility...unrestrained by fear, he discloses his pain to the object of his passion. She listens to him; and, if his flame deserves the

the reward of her heart, she expresses her sentiments without reserve, and follows the inclination of her heart. For no fair one need be ashamed of the tender passion, when it arises from reciprocal regard, and is maintained by virtue.

Their desires are not checked by empty forms of ceremony;...the reciprocity of their affection constitutes the marriage-contract, which, confirmed only by the plighted faith of both, serves for an oath, and a kiss for the seal.

The lovely nightingale salutes them from the nearest branches, and delight makes their bed of soft elastic moss,...a tree is their curtain, and solitude the witness of their bliss,...when love leads the blushing bride to the arms of her swain. Oh! thrice happy pair! whom a prince might justly envy!

Meantime the sun had set, and the young people had departed. I took leave of the young couple; and, if the maidens of the *Alps* had not been so timid, I should have wished to beg some of them...What do you suppose I mean? Nothing but an innocent kiss.

Tracht,

Tracht, eight o'clock in the evening.

THIS place is the termination of my ramble. My feet are very sore, and my face quite sunburnt; for the rest, I am cheerful and in good spirits.

The road from *Meyringen* to *Tracht* leads through a valley, and is rather pleasant, but not interesting. I have arrived here just at a moment of general festivity; the inhabitants of the village are assembled in a large meadow, drinking and singing; the youths are wrestling, and the victor is rewarded by a loud *Bravo!* from the spectators. I am sitting at the window, and looking alternately at these gay mortals and at the sky, which begins to be overcast on all sides. It is fortunate, that I am not still among the mountains. Meantime my hostess is preparing a dish of fish, which have just been caught in the lake. To-morrow morning early I set off by water for Unterseen, and proceed from thence to *Thun.*

Where are you, my friends? how do you pass your time? Certainly very different from your wandering friend, who, whether on mountains or in vallies, thinks incessantly on you.

Health and happiness.

Unterseen.

I HAVE just arrived here; the boat in which I left *Tracht*, set me ashore two versts from this place; a heavy rain has soaked me through; but, during the passage, I witnessed an interesting spectacle;...the mountains, enveloped in clouds, appeared to smoke, and I imagined I saw *Vesuvius* and *Ætna*. I am now drying myself, while dinner is getting ready, and am preparing to continue my journey. It has not quite ceased raining.

Thun, eight o'clock in the evening.

I ARRIVED in safety, though the lake was very stormy. The waves tossed the boat about like a ball. Some ladies who accompanied me shrieked incessantly, and one of them even fainted; it was with some difficulty that she was brought to herself. For my own part, I felt not the least terror, but the sight of the waves, recoiling from the craggy shore, afforded me the highest pleasure. At length the rain ceased, and the cheering sun dried our drenched clothes. On my arrival at *Thun* I felt a slight attack of fever; however, it left me entirely after I had taken a few cups

cups of tea. To-morrow morning, at four o'clock, I set out on my return to *Berne*, where I had left my things.

Berne, the tenth of September.

AFTER my return from the *Alps* I have spent a very agreeable week at *Berne*: sometimes I visited my acquaintance, who conduct themselves in the most friendly manner towards me: sometimes I traverse the adjacent country...now I employ myself in reading, and then in writing.

A few days ago the Rev. Mr. *Stapfer* introduced me to Mr. *Sprengli*, who possesses a complete collection of Swiss birds, a cabinet of coins, and many other curiosities. This gentleman's mode of life is as remarkable as his cabinet. He inhabits a charming villa, near the town, which is situated on an eminence, and commands a view of the surrounding country, and of the snow-clad mountains. He is unmarried, and upwards of seventy years of age. I saw no other male inhabitant in his house besides himself: an old female domestic performs the office of porter. The rooms are furnished with great taste, and the utmost cleanliness is observed. Thus, this opulent old man lives in the bosom of nature,

abundance

abundance, and tranquillity. He was very poor till within these few years, when considerable property was bequeathed him by a distant relation. In his youth, when studying ornithology, he bought a number of birds, dissected them, and had them stuffed. This laid the foundation of the admirable collection, which now attracts every traveller to his house, and for which he would not take 50,000 dollars. Yesterday I was at *Hindelbank*, a village situated two French miles from *Berne*. In the church of that place is the *Monument of the beautiful Lady*, as it is called. The history of this monument is remarkable. *Erlach*, one of the principal inhabitants of *Berne*, and proprietor of the village of *Hindelbank*, employed the German artist, *Nahl*, to execute a marble monument to the memory of his deceased father. *Nahl* undertook the work, and lodged at the house of the Rev. Mr. *Langhanns*, the pastor of the village. When the work was finished, *Erlach*, who was fond of splendor, insisted that it should be gilt over. *Nahl* endeavoured to convince him that the monument would be spoiled by such a measure: but, in vain. His reasons were not listened to, and the proud artist was obliged to conceal his indignation, and gild the monument. About this time, the pastor's young

young and beautiful wife died in child-bed. *Nahl* had entertained the highest regard for her, and his affliction was equal to that of the distressed spouse. The thought at once occurred to his mind: "Why should not my art transmit her memory to posterity?" He embraced his friend, and exclaimed! "Our tears mix with "dust, and dry up; but a noble monument of "art remains for ages. My hand, guided by "my heart, shall produce a representation of thy "spouse in marble; and the inhabitants of the "most distant countries shall admire her monument, while they look with contempt at "*Erlach's*." And this design he executed. The mother, an exquisite *Grecian* figure, is represented with her child, at the moment of resurrection. The tomb-stone is broken, and she is in the act of rising. She holds in one arm her child, and with the other appears to be rolling the stone entirely away; her countenance clearly denotes attention to the sound of the trumpet, which wakens the dead. The execution is as masterly, as the idea is excellent and truly poetical. *Haller* placed an inscription on this monument nearly to the following effect: the words are supposed to be spoken by the mother. "I hear the sound of the trumpet; it pe-

"netrates

"netrates the graves! Awake, my son! Awake, "son of grief, and lay aside thy mortal part! "Hasten to see thy Saviour, the ruler of th "and the conqueror of death! All grief is now "changed to eternal joys." Though the verses of *Haller* may be very good, still the inscription is undeniably too prolix for the moment in which the mother is represented. Perhaps, the following would be better: "Hark! "the sound of the trumpet! Awake, my son! "behold the Saviour!" Some believe, that the fracture of the stone is not the work of art, but that, after the inscription was engraven, he actually broke it; and the zealous amateurs of this art loudly express their disapprobation of this petty contrivance. Above the verses of *Haller* is the passage from the bible..."Here I am, "Lord! and the child whom thou hast given "me!" It is to be lamented, that this admirable production of art is so badly placed. It is hid in the choir of the church, and several boards must be removed in order to obtain a sight of it. I say nothing of the magnificent monument of *Erlach*. The artist did not wish it to be spoken of.

Nahl would perhaps have scarcely agreed so well with the present minister of *Hindelbank*, as

with *Langhanns*, as he has in his physiognomy not the least trait of a pastoral disposition or of sensibility. How he tends his flock, I know not.

I believe I have said nothing yet of the famous arsenal at this place. It contains, besides a great quantity of weapons, and instruments of war, of all kinds, likewise the armour and accoutrements of the ancient *Bernese* heroes, who acquired great renown by their great and valiant achievements. The most distinguished of them was the duke of *Zahringen*, the founder of the city of *Berne*. He must have been a giant; and though he might not have been able to storm heaven, must have struck terror into his enemies. I cannot express, my friends, what a shiver thrilled through my veins at the sight of the remains of the times of chivalry,...of those times when they trusted only to their swords and providence,...when merit consisted in deeds of hardihood,...and valour was the quintessence of every virtue! The pistols of *Charles the Bold* likewise attracted my notice; they are handsomely decorated with silver and ivory, and I viewed them with silent attention some minutes; at the same time calling to mind the hand which had used them. The manners of the inhabitants of *Berne* are not so severe as those of *Zurich*. Both men and

and women meet promiscuously. They commonly assemble at four o'clock in the afternoon. In these companies the ladies converse, and jest without reserve, and are, as in other places, the soul of the company. Many of them also afford delight by singing, and playing on the harpsichord. My acquaintance has several times introduced me into these societies, which were numerously attended. But cards are unknown here, as well as at *Zurich*. They usually address foreigners in *French*, which language they speak incomparably better than in the other towns of *Switzerland*. The *German* spoken here is extremely corrupted, and highly disagreeable to the ear.

The aristocratic system is carried to a greater height in *Berne*, than in any other part of *Switzerland*. A few families have the whole power in their own hands; they compose the council and the senate, and the grand bailiffs are chosen from among them. None of the other inhabitants of *Berne* have any share in the government. The number of these aristocratic families diminishes from time to time: they may, however, transfer their rights to other families; but this is seldom done.

I have commonly spent some hours every evening on the terrace, and resigned myself to

pleasing

pleasing chimeras, seated by moon-light beneath the branches of the ancient chesnut-trees. Ah! my friends, only on the mountains my heart felt not quite forlorn! There I seemed to be nearer to you.

To-morrow I set off for *Lausanne*. I have already taken leave of all my acquaintance here, excepting the minister *Stapfer*. I have a great regard for this worthy *Swiss*, and he for me. I have every day spent several hours in his closet. He has a very amiable family. I shall not tell him when I intend leaving *Berne*. He has requested it himself...he wishes to be spared the pain of taking leave...What sensibility! Here I leave behind me the *German* language, and not without regret.

Farewel, my friends; I shall now carry my packet to the post-office. Would to heaven that you may read my letters with the same pleasure that I write them.

Lausanne.

THE road from *Berne* to *Lausanne* leads through a continued garden, and one of the finest that ever my eyes beheld. The trees on both sides of the road appear ready to break down

under the ponderous burthen of full-grown fruits, and the harvest waved with resplendent lustre.

It was Sunday; the country people, in their best clothes, were enjoying themselves in the public-houses, and indulging in copious draughts of the grape's cheering beverage, amidst shouts of...*Switzerland* for ever! As we passed the village of *Murten*, the coachman stopped, and said to me, "Do you wish to see the remains of our enemies?" "Where?"..."Here, on the right side of the road." I jumped out of the carriage; and, inclosed within an iron railing, I discovered a large heap of human bones.

The duke of *Burgundy*, *Charles the Bold*, was one of the most powerful princes of his age; he possessed heroic courage, but was the scourge of mankind, and the terror of the neighbouring nations. He resolved, in the year 1476, to make war upon *Helvetia*, and to subdue the pride of its independent inhabitants by the iron sceptre of tyranny. His troops advanced; his many-coloured standards waved aloft, and the earth groaned under the burthen of his artillery. The *Burgundian* troops, covering a larger space than the eye could embrace, were already ranged on the banks of *Murten*'s lake, and *Charles*, with envious look, beholding *Helvetia*'s tranquil valleys.

valleys, already called them in imagination his own; when at once, by means of signals, the report was spread through all *Switzerland*, that "the enemy was at hand!" The peaceful shepherds instantly left their cottages and their flocks, armed themselves with battle-axes and lances, assembled, at the sound of the trumpet, and the call of patriotism, which was reverberated by every heart, and like impetuous *Alpine* torrents rushed from their native mountains upon their numerous foes. *Charles's* thunders roared; but the valiant, the invincible *Swiss*, enveloped in smoke and darkness, broke the ranks of his warriors. His thunder ceased, and the menacing phalanx fell beneath their irresistible arms. The duke himself plunged in despair into the lake, and his horse, being strong, carried him to the opposite shore. Only one faithful servant escaped with the Duke. But *Charles*, in a fit of fury, shot him with his own hand, when he turned his eyes to the field of battle, and beheld the complete discomfiture of his army; at the same time exclaiming, "Should you alone be "left?" The victors afterwards collected the bones of the slain, and deposited them in the charnel-house by the road-side, where they still remain.

 I started

I started at the melancholy sight of these proofs of our perishable nature. And, ye *Swiss*, can ye exult over these lamentable trophies? Were not the *Burgundians*, as men, your brethren? Had you bathed with your tears the remains of these thirty thousand unfortunate fellow-creatures, and committed them to the earth, accompanied by your benediction;...had you erected in the field of triumph a sable monument, with this inscription,...*Here the* Swiss *fought for their country. They conquered, but tears mingle with their songs of triumph!*...then should I have bestowed the tribute of unreserved praise! Hide this monument of barbarism; and, if ye pride yourselves in the name of *Swiss*, forget not that you have the still nobler appellation of *men*.

On the walls of this open grave are several inscriptions. You know that by *Haller*.

"Stop, *Helvetian*! Here lies the adventurous "host, before which *Liege* fell, and the throne of "*France* itself trembled. It was not the numbers "of our ancestors, it was not the superiority of "weapons...but Unanimity, invigorating their "arm, destroyed the foe!"

"Know, brethren, your own power. It lies in "your fidelity. O! may it even in these times "animate the breast of every reader!"

Besides

Besides these inscriptions here are found thousands of names and observations. In how many ways man strives to acquire distinction. That desire incites him to discover new worlds, and causes the traveller to write his name on the tomb of the *Burgundians*. Many strangers, in memory of having visited this spot, take a bone with them. I, however, did not follow their example. You may guess why; for the rest the bones are all so dry, that they have not the least disagreeable smell.

Beyond *Murten* I saw the remains of the ancient *Roman* town, *Aventicum*. These ruins consist of colonnades, walls, aqueducts, etc. Where is the splendour of this town, once the capital of *Helvetia*? where are its inhabitants? Empires, cities, and nations disappear; we also shall once be no more, my friends. What earth shall cover us? It is night, and the moon shines on the graves of those who once rejoiced at her gentle light.

Lausanne.

I ARRIVED here at night; the whole city was buried in sleep, except the watchman, who was just calling the hour. I went to the Golden Lion; but, when I had knocked, I received,

 for

for answer,...*Tout est plein, Monsieur;...tout est plein!* We are quite full! I knocked at another inn, called *A la couronne*. But here also I was told, *Tout est plein, Monsieur!* Imagine my situation! At night, in the street, in a strange place, without lodging, without acquaintance! At last the watchman took pity on me. He went to the door of the inn, and assured the person in the house, who had refused me admittance, that *Monsieur est un voyageur de qualité*;...the gentleman was a traveller of distinction. But even this was to no purpose; the voice repeated, "we are quite full; I wish the foreign gentleman a good night." "*C'est impertinent ça,*" said the watchman. "Come with me to the *Stag*," added he, "there you will certainly not be refused a lodging." And he proved to be right; I obtained a decent apartment in that house. The good-natured watchman wished me a good night, with a smile of heart-felt satisfaction, and positively refused to accept the trifle which I offered him. He went about his business, and I took out my pocket-book, in which I wrote the following words,..." On such a day I found at *Lausanne* a good man, who performs a service to his fellow-creature, without any motive of self-interest."

The

The following morning I rambled about the town, which I do not like at all. It is partly situated in a hollow, partly on the declivity of a mountain, so that you constantly go up or down hill. The streets are narrow, and badly paved; but you are compensated by the most delightful picturesque views. The pellucid and ample bosom of the lake of *Geneva*; the range of the mountains of *Savoy*; pleasant towns and villages, as *Morges*, *Rolle*, and *Nyon*, scattered along the shores of the lake, all together form a charming and a varied picture. If heaven should ever conduct you to *Lausanne*, my friends, ascend the terrace of the cathedral, and recollect, that on the same spot I passed several hours in tranquil joy and serene composure.

If you were now to ask me, of what we never become tired? I should reply, "beautiful prospects." How many charming countries have I seen! and yet, what delight I continue to receive from every new beautiful view.

I was recommended to Mr. *Lebad* of this place, a natural philosopher, and author of various essays in the transactions of the Literary Society of *Lausanne*. He has a pretty house, and a charming garden; in which are several Latin, English, and French poetical inscriptions. Among

others, I was struck by a passage from an ode by *Addison*; in which the poet thanks God for all the good gifts of his providence—for a sensible heart susceptible of enjoyment—and for a faithful and amiable friend. Happy is Mr. *Lebad* if he can join in the thanks of *Addison!* This ode is in the *Spectator*. I once spent a whole night on translating this ode; and in the moment while I was writing the two concluding lines, the first rays of the morning sun darted into my apartment. That morning was one of the happiest of my life. Mr. *Lebad* has conducted me to the *Caffé Literaire*, where you find several English, French, and German journals. During my residence in *Lausannne*, I shall frequently pay a visit to this coffee-house. To-day, alas! I cannot go out, for it has rained incessantly ever since daybreak.

Lausanne is always full of young *Englishmen*, who come hither to learn *French*, and play all kinds of childish and wanton tricks. Our countrymen often associate with them; and, instead of advancing in the sciences, they rather perfect themselves in all kinds of debaucheries. I would therefore advise nobody to send their children to *Lausanne*, especially as they teach scarcely any thing there but French. The sciences on

the

the contrary, are far better taught at the *German* universities; and even young *Swiss*, eager after solid information, go to *Leipzig*, or preferably to *Gottingen*. In fact, the means of obtaining instruction have been no where brought to such perfection as in *Germany*; and the youth who is not inspired with a love of the sciences by the precepts of a *Platner* or a *Heyne*, has certainly no disposition whatever for them.

The young foreigners live here in boarding schools, where they pay for instruction and board six or seven louis-d'ors per month. Yet one of our countrymen has settled at *Lausanne*. This is *Count Gregor Kyrillowitsch Rasumowsky*, a man of letters, and a celebrated naturalist. Out of love to the sciences he has refused all the dignities and honourable situations to which his high rank entitled him; and removed to a distant country where nature has so plentifully lavished her bounties and her charms; and where there is so much food for his favourite inclination. He lives here in tranquillity, continually occupied with bringing to perfection the system of natural philosophy, and is, certainly, an honour to his country. If I am not mistaken, he is the first *Russian* who has made himself known in Europe as a really learned man. His writings are

are in French. He went, a few weeks ago, to *Russia*, but not for good. He returns again to *Lausanne*. I have just come from the cathedral, where I have seen the monument of the princess *Orloff*, who died here, in the prime of life, and in the arms of her tender and disconsolate husband. She is said to have been very handsome, and to have possessed an excellent heart. I blessed her memory!—Above the tomb of the *Dutchess* of *Courland* stands an urn of white marble. This princess was respected and beloved by all the inhabitants. She loved nature and poetry; and the British and German muses, together with nature, had formed her mind and heart.

At five o'clock this morning I left *Lausanne*, with the most serene disposition, and *Rousseau's New Heloise* in my hand. You already guess the aim of my journey. Yes, my friends, I went to behold, with my own eye, those countries in which the immortal *Rousseau* has placed his enthusiastic lovers. The road from *Lausanne* leads, at first, between high walls, with which the vineyards are surrounded, and which prevents the traveller from any view of the country. But, as soon as the walls terminate, *Mount Jura* is observed on the left, with his numerous ravines;

which

which are either converted into the most charming vineyards, or are covered with small houses, and the towers and ruins of ancient castles. On the right present themselves beautiful meadows planted with fruit-trees, and the smooth lake of *Geneva*, with the tremendous rocks on the *Savoy* shore. By nine o'clock I had reached *Vevay*, which is four French miles distant from *Lausanne*. I sat down beneath the shade of the chesnut-trees to the west of the town, and viewed the steep hills of *Meillerie*; whence St. *Preux*, in a fit of despair, was about to precipitate himself, and where he wrote a letter to *Julia*.

As you, my friends, know how I love *Rousseau*, and with what rapture I read his *Heloise* with you, you may easily imagine with what sentiments I contemplated all those objects. For, though in his novel many circumstances are unnatural and exaggerated, or in a word, romantic; still, no French author has painted love in such lively and glowing colours as the author of the new *Heloise*; which perhaps gave birth to *Goethe's Werther*.*

The beauty of this country must have made the most lively impression on the soul of *Rousseau*; for

* Undoubtedly many situations in *Werther* are borrowed from the *Heloise*. However, in *Goethe*'s novel, upon the whole, there are fewer violations of truth and nature.

for with what truth and spirit does he not delineate it! I imagined that I saw the rock which had such attractions for St. *Preux*, and where he wrote to *Julia*. Ah! my friends, why should not a *Julia* have existed? Why does *Rousseau* tell us not to seek any traces of her?...Cruel man! first to describe such an adorable creature, and then to say, that she does not exist. You will perhaps recollect the passage in his Confessions: "I advise every one," he says there, "who possesses any taste and sensibility to visit "*Vevay*, and its environs, and to ramble about "the banks of the lake. He will declare that this "charming country is worthy *Julia* and St. "*Preux*; but in vain would he seek them "there."

Coxe, a celebrated English traveller, asserts that *Rousseau* wrote the *Heloise* during his residence at *Meillerie*; but he has been misinformed. Mr. *de L.* an acquaintance of *Rousseau*, assured me, that he penned that novel at the *Hermitage*, eighteen or twenty miles from *Paris*.*

After

* When I wrote this, I had not yet read the Continuation of the *Confessions de J. J. Rousseau*, which were first published during my residence at *Geneva*. In these he describes his works by turns, and they confirm what Mr. *De L.* told me.

After having rested and taken tea at the inn, I continued my journey along the lake, to see the proper theatre of the novel, the village of *Clarens*. The thick foliage of lofty trees conceals it from the impatient eye, till you are quite close to it. I arrived at last, and saw a small village, at the foot of a mountain, overgrown with fir-trees. At the same time I observed the habitation of *Julia*, which *Rousseau* has described......an ancient castle with turrets! Its gloomy exterior sufficiently prove the obscurity of the times in which it was erected....Many of the inhabitants of *Clarens* are acquainted with the new *Heloise*, and are not a litttle vain that the great *Rousseau* has made their native place the scene of his novel, and thereby rendered its fame immortal. A labourer, if he observe a stranger whose looks bespeak his curiosity, approaches him, and smiling says, "the gentleman "must certainly have read the new *Heloise?*" In this manner I was addressed by an old man, who shewed me the grove in which *Rousseau*'s *Julia* kisses the enamoured St. *Preux* for the first time, and, by this touch, shakes his whole nervous system. Behind the village the waves of the lake wash the foot of the fortress of *Chillon*. The faint murmur of the waves lulls the soul into a melancholy

repose. Still farther, at the extremity of the lake, where the river *Rhone* runs out of it, is *Villeneuve*; a small town which I only saw at a distance, because it was time to return to *Vevay*.

The situation of *Vevay* on the bank of the finest lake in the world, opposite the wild rocks of *Savoy*, and surrounded by charming eminences, planted with vines, is extremely pleasant. The town of itself is far preferable to *Lausanne*. Its streets are straight, and here and there you observe magnificent houses, and handsome squares. Most of the noblemen of the *Pays de Vaud* reside here. Notwithstanding, *Vevay* does not appear populous.

Four strangers, in travelling dresses, entered the inn at the same moment with me, and ordered dinner. We became acquainted in a few minutes, and I then learned that three of them were Westphalian barons, and the fourth, a Polish prince. The latter, on his return from *France* to his native country, travels through *Switzerland*, merely to gratify himself with a sight of *Meillerie* and *Clarens*. The former told me, between ourselves, when the Pole on some occasion left the room, that they were not at all fond of this companion, who had joined them at *Morges*, because he quarrelled incessantly either

with

with the coachmen, boatmen, or landlords; and he was, besides, a great liar. I had very soon an opportunity of convincing myself that all they said was true; for we had scarcely seated ourselves at the table, before he began to abuse the landlord about the dinner. He found fault with every thing, and complained that there was not sufficient. The landlord certainly reminded him that he was not at *Warsaw*, but the Pole did not cease grumbling till the last dish. He then began to relate to me the taking of the *Bastille*; on which occasion his hat and coat had been shot through. However, I did not listen long to him, for I wanted to rest. I therefore went to the room prepared for me.

Whoever has read the note of *Ramond*, the translator of *Coxe's* Travels, will certainly visit the terrace of the church here; that, seated beneath the dark shades of the aged trees, and surrounded by the emblems of mortality, he may accompany with his looks the setting sun; and, in the enjoyment of the silent evening, observe the shades of night enveloping the romantic scenery of the surrounding country. I was there, but, occupied with my own reflections, I did not observe how majestic night concealed heaven and earth beneath her sable mantle.

Lausanne

YESTERDAY evening I returned from *Vevay*. I was so fatigued with the heat that it was with difficulty I crawled hither. To-day I breakfasted at Mr. *Lebad's*, with two *French* marquisses from *Paris*. These gentlemen have given me a very bad opinion of the *French* ladies; for among other things they related, that some of them, at the sight of the naked corpse of *Foulon*, which the furious populace was dragging along the streets, exclaimed: "Ah! how delicate and fair he was!" This they related amidst a loud laughter; but my heart thrilled with horror and indignation.

The society at *Lausanne* differs from that of *Berne*, in the love of play, and a greater freedom in conversation. It appears to me, as if the inhabitants had, with the *French* language, likewise adopted *French* manners; at least, this is partly the case; for it is true, that they still retain a certain stiffness and reserve peculiar to the *Swiss*, from which has resulted a mixture which I do not like.

Harmony and originality are every where valuable. These only suit me; and, on the contrary, I cannot endure imitation.

I likewise

I heard a sermon to-day in the cathedral church; the minister, a short man, powdered and full-dressed, resembled in voice and gestures an actor, rather than a minister of the gospel; and his whole discourse was nothing but bombast and empty declamation, which concluded with a compliment to the magistrates, and the whole city of *Lausanne*. I looked first at the preacher, and then at his auditory, at the same time calling to mind our *Platon*, and left the church, shrugging my shoulders. I confess, that of all the clerical orators I ever heard or read, none pleases me so much as *Sterne*.

I this evening found a great number of people at *Mount Benon*,...a promenade without the town. What a mixture of nations! *Swiss*, *English*, *French*, *Germans*, *Italians*, etc. were intermixed with each other. I seated myself on a solitary bench, awaiting the setting of the sun, which, before he sinks into the lake, illumines the savage desert, and dreary scenery of the *Savoy* shore, as well as the fertile gardens in the opulent and abundant district of *Lausanne*. I fancied, that in the breeze which blew across the lake I heard the sighs of the wretched peasants of *Savoy*.

Geneva, the second of October.

THREE letters at once from you! If you had but seen how I rejoiced! You are then still alive and in good health, God be thanked! O! that I could give to you all the agreeable hours which I enjoy, to make your lives a series of pleasure; but, believe me, we shall once be happy. Certainly! certainly!

I went from *Lausanne* to *Geneva* along the lake between vineyards and fields, which, however, are by far not so well cultivated as in *German Switzerland;* the peasants in the *Pays de Vaud* are likewise much poorer than in the cantons of *Berne* and *Zurich.*

Of the towns situated on the lake of *Geneva,* none pleased me so much as *Morges.* You will probably be surprised, when I inform you of my intention of passing the whole winter at *Geneva.* The scenery around the town is delightful; and the town itself is very handsome. By means of my letters of recommendation I have access to the first houses.

The manners of the *Genevese* are frank and agreeable. What can I wish for more? Besides, I must spend some time in one place; my soul is fatigued by the multitude of remarkable and new objects. It requires recreation; it must be invigorated

invigorated by gentle repose in the bosom of beauteous nature.

I have now done with inns and hotels for some time. I have hired a room in a private house; it is large, light, and neatly furnished. I pay for it nine rubles per month; coffee and tea I provide for myself at home, and I shall dine at a *table d'hôte*, at the rate of four rubles per week. You cannot imagine how comfortable I find this new mode of life. As soon as I rise in the morning, which is pretty early, I put on my surtout, and ramble sometimes about the town on the shores of the placid lake or the boisterous *Rhone*, among gardens and elegant villas, in which the opulent *Genevese* are used to spend the summer. I then rest at an inn, at one time in *France*, at another, in *Switzerland* or *Savoy*, for you know that *Geneva* is situated on the frontiers of these three states. I prolong my excursion, and then return home, where I take coffee, which my landlady, Mad. *Lagier*, usually prepares herself; after which, I read and write till twelve o'clock, when I dress myself for the day, and dine at one. In the afternoon I lounge in the coffee-houses, where I always meet with abundance of company, and hear the news of the day. Here they discuss the affairs of France,..the decrees of the

National

National Assembly—the merits of *Necker* and *Mirabeau*. At six o'clock I go to the play, or into company, and thus passes the evening.

Of the companies here, I can tell you the following:—The Genevese generally invite their friends in the evening to tea. At six o'clock they assemble and sit down to tea, coffee, and biscuit. They then adjourn to the card-table. Whist is the usual game; they however do not play high, seldom losing more than two or three rubles. At ten o'clock they break up, a few particular friends excepted, who stay to supper. In these evening parties there are sometimes sixty persons...emigrants, German princes, English, but few Genevese. They seldom ask any one to dinner. However, Mr. *Cayla*, one of the syndics of the republic of *Geneva*, once invited me to dine at his country seat. The table was very well covered. I there became acquainted with a Spaniard, who had lived ten years as *charge des affaires* in Petersburg, but now resides out of his native country on account of certain circumstances. He spends the winter at *Lyons*, and the summer in *Switzerland*. A friend of *Lavater*, baron *von Luke*, has likewise introduced me to the acquaintance of the young princes of *Gotha*, at present residing at *Geneva*. I dined with them.

The

The youngest is far more lively and sensible than the elder, who is heir to the dominions of *Gotha*. You recollect the baron *G.* I could scarcely help smiling at the table, at the idea that I had the honour of sitting beside his future sovereign, who may some time or other, and without much ceremony, order his hat to be taken off, or even his head.

Yesterday I supped with Mr. *Conclair*. I went to his house at nine o'clock; but my host was not yet prepared to receive guests. I found him in his closet. In half an hour the hostess appeared, and then the guests successively arrived. Amongst these was a deaf baron, at whose expence the ladies diverted themselves not a little. Riddles were proposed, which the baron instantly undertook to guess; but always without success. They asked him, for instance, "Why Henry the "Fourth, though an enemy to splendour, wore "golden spurs?" The baron smiled five times, and replied five times; but always wrong. At last he was extricated from his embarrassment at their calling out, amidst a loud laughter, "*Pour* "*piquer son cheval!*"—"Oh! I was just think- "ing so! *C'est tout clair!*" He was just as unsuccessful with another:—"What is in the mid- "dle of *Paris?*"...He did not hit it, though he

had

had lately returned from *Paris*. He imagined it was "the market, men, stones, mud." Every answer was laughed at; and at last he was told, it was the letter *r*. "I was just going to say "so," cried the baron; and every one burst into a laugh. The hostess, who is considered one of the most sensible ladies in *Geneva*, asked me several things about the ladies of *Moscow*. Amongst others, "Whether they were handsome?"—"Extremely."—"Whether they had good un-"derstandings?"—Like angels."—"Do they "make verses?" Incomparably."—"Of what "kind?"—"Mostly prayers."—"You jest, sir!" "I beg your pardon, madam, I speak the truth." —"Are they then such great sinners?" "Oh, "no; but they pray that they may not sin." "Ah! that is another thing." She gave me her arm; and we went to supper.

Twelve o'clock at night.

TO-DAY, towards evening, I felt unusual anxiety, and was uncommonly melancholy. Every idea that occurred to me seemed to oppress my brain. I had no inclination either to stand or walk. At length I resolved to take a walk. I went to the bastion—a promenade here, and threw myself down on a corner of the rampart; and my eyes roved from one object to another.

By

By degrees both my head and heart became light again. The evening was warm and pleasant. On both sides I beheld mountains, whose summits were involved in clouds, which now rose, and now descended. A grand spectacle! Before me extended a spacious plain, interspersed with small villages, detached houses, and groves. All was silent. Only now and then a young Englishman galloped by, in hopes to reach town before the rain came on. When the drum beat I hastened away too, that I might not be shut up in the bastion. But as I did not like to part with the evening, I went to another promenade, *la Treille*, close to the town-house; and there seated myself beneath the nut-trees, where I enjoyed the same views that had so delighted me in the bastion. It grew dark. The wind blew with greater violence through the trees. The clouds moved more rapidly, and at length hung over the town. It began to rain. When I again turned my eyes to the plain, I observed a multitude of lights through the darkness—a spectacle in some degree romantic. I fancied I saw the palaces of the benevolent fairies, and all the tales which had inflamed my juvenile imagination, and had already, in my childhood, made me a young *Don Quixote*, were revived in my recollection. Among other

things

things I called to mind a stormy evening, when, inspired by the divine fairies, I escaped my watchful nurse, and crept into the apartment in which various weapons, covered with venerable rust, were preserved. I seized a sabre which chanced to be in my way, and stuck it in the girdle of my night-gown. Thus equipped, I sallied forth in search of adventures, and to fight the wicked wizzards. But, as my fears increased the further I went, I made several strokes with the sabre through the darkness, and returned home safe, satisfied with my heroic achievements. Who does not with pleasure recollect the years of childhood? The older we grow, the more charming they appear to us.

....

Every traveller who stops at *Geneva*, thinks it an agreeable duty to go to *Ferney*, where lived the most celebrated author of the present century.

I went thither on foot, together with a young German. The mansion which *Voltaire* inhabited is situated on a hill at some distance from *Ferney*, and a beautiful avenue leads to it from the village. At a little distance from the house, to the left, stands the church, with the well-known inscription, "*Deo erexit Voltaire.*"

Voltaire

"*Voltaire* was one of the most zealous adorers of the deity," says *de la Harpe*, in his Eulogy on the Sage of *Ferney*. "*Si dieu n'existoit pas, il faudroit l'inventer.*" He wrote this admirable verse in his advanced age, and which is a demonstration of his philosophy.

A man, who came to meet us from the house, absolutely refused to admit us. The present owner had prohibited it: but a seasonable gratuity induced him instantly to open the door of the sanctuary, viz. the room which *Voltaire* inhabited, and where every thing has remained in the same condition as during his life. The furniture and decorations of this room are handsome and costly. In another room, where his bed stands, his heart was preserved, till Madame *Denis*, his heiress, took it to *Paris*. Only the urn of black marble remains, on the middle of which are the following words; "*Son esprit est partout, son cœur est ici.*" And above, "*Mes manes* "*sont consolés puisque mon cœur est au milieu de* "*vous.* The room is hung round with several portraits. The first is a representation of the great *Catherine*, wrought by her own hand in silk, with the inscription; "*Presenté a Mr. Vol-* "*taire par l'auteur.*" I viewed the figure of the illustrious female with great attention and much

 pleasure.

pleasure. The next is the king of *Prussia*, *Frederic the second*; the third, the celebrated French actor, *Le Kain*; the fourth, *Voltaire* himself; and the fifth, the *Marchioness de Chatelet*, a friend of *Voltaire*, or perhaps even something more. Among the engraved portraits I notice particularly *Newton*, *Boileau*, *Marmontel*, *D'Alembert*, *Franklin*, *Clement XIV*, *Diderot*, and *Delille*. The other paintings and prints were of no consequence. This bed-room served him likewise for a cabinet, from which he instructed, moved, and delighted *Europe*. Yes, my friends! it cannot be denied, that no author of the eighteenth century has made such powerful impressions upon his contemporaries as *Voltaire*. To his honour it must be admitted, that he was the principal cause of that toleration in religious matters which distinguishes our age. He contributed still more to expose the scandalous superstition to which, even in the beginning of this century, so many bloody sacrifices had been made. He wrote for readers of all classes;...literate and illiterate understood him, and he fascinated them all. No writer so well understood how to expose what was ridiculous and absurd; and no philosophy could withstand his irony. The public was always on his side, for it procured them the exquisite

gratification

gratification of laughing! In fact, there are not to be found in his works those sublime ideas with which the genius of nature, as it were, immediately inspires certain chosen mortals. But only few understand these ideas: their effects are therefore limited. We contemplate with pleasure the flight of the sky-lark; but whose eye is capable of following the eagle, soaring towards the sun? Who does not feel the beauty of the *Zaire?* But how few are capable of admiring *Othello?* And yet, he who learns by heart whole pages of *Racine*, perhaps does not even know that a *Göthe* exists.

The situation of the mansion of *Ferney* is so delightful, that I envied *Voltaire*. From his window he constantly had before his eyes the loftiest mountain of Europe...*Mont Blanc*, and the other snow-clad mountains of *Savoy*,...plains of the most charming verdure, gardens, and other enchanting objects. *Voltaire* laid out the garden himself, and it evinces his taste: I was particularly pleased with a long avenue, which seems to extend quite to the foot of the mountains; and a pellucid lake, reflecting on its smooth expanse the lofty trees by which it is surrounded. The name of *Voltaire* lives in the memory of all the inhabitants of *Ferney*. Here I felt more powerful

 emotions,

emotions, at the beautiful passage of the eulogy of *la Harpe*, which I read once more beneath the shade of a chesnut-tree:

"His vassals, who have lost their lord and father, " and one day, their children, the heirs of his " beneficence, will exclaim to the traveller who " goes out of his road to visit *Ferney*:...those are " the houses which he built! Yonder is the " asylum, which he founded for the useful arts!* " Here are the fields, which he rendered produc-" tive! That populous and flourishing colony arose " under his direction, amidst a dreary desert! " These are the groves, the roads, the paths, where " we saw him so often! Here the afflicted family " of *Calas* surrounded their protector! Here " those unfortunates embraced his knees! This " tree is consecrated to gratitude, and the axe " shall never separate it from the root; for he " sat beneath its shade, when the plundered " rustics hastened to him imploring his assist-" ance! Here he shed tears of compassion, and " converted the sorrows of the poor into joy! " There we saw each other for the last time!" ...and the attentive stranger, who at reading the *Zaire* could not refrain from weeping, will now

shed

* It is known that *Voltaire* received at *Ferney* several artists, who had been compelled to leave *Geneva*.

shed more delicious tears...to the memory of the friend of mankind.

We dined at the inn of *Ferney* with two young Englishmen, and were served with some excellent wine, which we drank with the most devout wishes for the eternal felicity of *Voltaire*.

From *Geneva* to *Ferney* the distance is but six wersts, so that I reached home as early as seven o'clock in the evening. Some of my acquaintances at *Geneva* have introduced me into what they call their *Circles*, of which there are many here. They assemble after dinner, to take coffee and smoke tobacco. Ladies never appear in these parties. The conversation generally turns upon the news from Paris; for, as the *Genevese* have several millions in the French funds, for which they have hitherto received high interest, they are now afraid that France will become bankrupt, in which case the first houses in *Geneva* would be utterly ruined. Only on thee, poor North, the Genevese deigns not to bestow the least attention! Though they are acquainted here with even the most trifling circumstance that occurs at Paris; they scarcely know that *Russia* and *Sweden* are at war together. The *Grand Vizier* has twice been defeated; *Belgrade* is taken; but nobody takes any notice of it. Dear *Germany!* in thy extended bosom the glass

 goes

goes briskly round, when Fame proclaims the successful atchievements of thy sons. *Rhenish* and *Tokay* foam on the lips, and the triumphal songs of thy inspired bards resound from every mouth, O *Germany!* why did I leave thee so soon?

A few days ago I dined with several Genevese and foreigners, at a country house; where we were very merry. At dinner we sat with our hats on, and sung songs. In the afternoon some took an excursion on the lake, others played at nine-pins, and several sat before the house smoking tobacco at their ease. I staid till the evening. On my return to town a danger awaited me which I had not expected. You certainly cannot guess what it was. While lost in walking forward and profound meditation, I suddenly trod on a snake, which I did not observe before it began to twist about my leg, and raise its head to bite me...Be not afraid, my friends.—Before it could hurt me, I had shaken it off, and it hastened hissing away. "Malicious animal," I cried, "thy life is now "in my hands!—But as Nature tolerates thee in "her empire, I shall not shorten thy miserable "existence."

Geneva.

Geneva, the 1st *of November.*

SINCE the letter, which I received through *Lavater*, not one single line has arrived from you. Is it fair, that you are silent so long?—You know very well, that only through you, I am still connected with my beloved country.

My manner of living here is pretty uniform. I take a walk, and read the French authors, ancient and modern, to form a complete idea of French literature. I likewise frequent the evening parties, and the opera. Dear, severe *Rousseau!* thy countrymen have not followed thy advice*. They have erected a theatre, and are passionately fond of plays. Two companies from *Dijon* play alternately. The opera-performers pass the summer and autumn here, and the actors the winter and spring. Two or three actresses, and as many actors, play and sing tolerably. The grand opera of *Athis* was lately performed. The music is by *Piccini*, and is of that majestic kind which elevates the soul. The duet—*Vivre ou mourir*—which the unfortunate lovers, persecuted by fate and the jealousy of the cruel *Cybele*, is incomparably beautiful. Among the farces, that of *Les petits Savoyards*,

* *Rousseau* somewhere very positively asserts, that the theatre corrupts the morals.

Savoyards, pleased me most. It contains moving passages, and almost all the vocal parts were very well supported.

At the *table d'hôte* where I dine, there are twelve boarders besides me; among whom a Danish baron, a French marquis, lately arrived from *Paris*, and a captain of the Genevese regiment, act the principal parts. The baron has travelled through *Germany*, *France* and *England*, and speaks German very well. He at the same time assures every Frenchman, that he understands French far better than they: however, all do not believe him. At least he swears like a trooper. Besides, the worthy baron cannot bear contradiction, and is always ready for every quarrel. He speaks with contempt of the Genevese, and he criticises the poor actors unmercifully.—The marquis tells us, that he has come to *Geneva* to take breath; and that he absolutely would commence no acquaintance, as he found an inexpressible pleasure in solitude. He also intimates, that he is an author. He praises *Jean Jacques*, and assures us that he wrote with an electric pen. However, *Corneille* is, in his opinion, the greatest man that Nature ever produced. "*Voltaire*," says he, "was a "sensible man; but he was frequently mis-"taken." Notwithstanding, the marquis intends

to visit *Ferney*, probably to catch inspiration from the cabinet of *Voltaire*. The captain has been several years in the Prussian service. He is very fond of talking, and even now and then ventures to contradict the baron; but he is always compelled to retreat before the baron's thundering arguments. He praises every piece performed here with a single expression:—"*Oedipe*," he says, "*est rempli de sentiment*;" and the farce of the *Black-smith* is also "*rempli de sentiment*." His simplicity and ignorance frequently make us laugh.—Of the rest of the company, a Genevese also deserves to be mentioned. He has travelled all over the world; by which he believes he has acquired a right to lie unmercifully. He for instance assured me quite seriously, that most of the Patagonians were five yards in height.

Becker has arrived in *Geneva*. We met each other by accident in the street, and rushed into each others arms, like old friends, embracing after a long absence. Since that time we see each other daily; we walk out together, and drink tea at the fire-side. He has hired apartments in the same street where I live. His countrymen, the Count *Moltke*, and the poet *Baggesen*, have staid at *Berne*. The latter will soon be married. This match has been brought about in a truly

romantic

romantic manner. I wrote to you, that *Becker* had gone with him to *Lausanne*; from which place they crossed the *Alps* to *Unterseen*, and arrived there extremely fatigued. They hired a boat to cross the lake of *Thun*; and at the moment when the waterman was pushing off the boat, a young female, and an old man, made their appearance; the girl in a white dress, a green hat, and with a stick in her hand; and seemed to be about twenty.—Her countenance was pleasing and friendly. She approached, and nimbly jumped into the boat; and with a friendly *bon jour messieurs*, addressed the travellers, who sat, hanging down their heads, *like knights of the melancholy figure*. They were surprized at this unexpected appearance, and stared, now at the girl, now at each other, and almost forgot to return the compliment of the charming stranger. However, *Becker*, who is a man deserving of credit, assures me they answered her tolerably well; though the count stammered at the second word, and he and *Baggesen* were struck quite dumb. By degrees, when they were at a considerable distance from shore, they fell into conversation. The girl told the Danes, that she had been at her uncle's at *Unterseen*, to visit her good nurse, who was very ill, and that she was now return-

ing

ing to *Berne*. "How did you leave the patient?" asked the sympathizing travellers, with great eagerness. "God be thanked! she is better," replied the fair stranger. She then enquired the names and residence of her fellow-travellers; and, when she learned that the count was the grandson o the late Danish Minister, she began to speak of that venerable man, and the history of his time, in such a manner, that it was evident she was acquainted with the history and relations of the powers of Europe. They landed at *Thun*. The count gave her his hand, and accompanied her, together with his fellow-travellers, to the inn, where they found a room. Here they learned from the hostess, that their charming companion was a grand-daughter of the celebrated philosopher and poet *Haller*. *Baggesen* leaped for joy, and instantly hastened to her, to recommend himself anew to her favour, and to assure her of the unbounded regard which he entertained for her grandfather. "Ah! you should have "known him more intimately," said she, in a tone of the highest sensibility. "Even in his old "age, he fascinated great and small by his ami-"able disposition. I cannot refrain from tears "when I recollect with what gaiety and famili-"arity he played with us small children, in his

"leisure-

"leisure-hours, after the most serious labours "for the welfare of mankind. How often did "he take me on his knee, kiss me, at the same "time calling me his dear *Sophia!*"

The amiable *Sophia* dried her tears, and *Baggesen* wept with her. Our travellers forgot their fatigues, and passed the whole evening with *Sophia Haller*. As they intended to set off the next morning early for *Berne*, *Sophia* and her uncle were going to make some stay at *Thun*, they took leave of them—"Shall it be for ever?" said the young count; and, full of expectation, fixed his eyes on *Sophia*'s. *Baggesen*'s looks, animated by the most lively expression of tenderness, lingered on her lips, and *Becker* stretched forward his head. She smiled; and, presenting her card to the count, "This," said she, "is the "address of my family, who will be very happy "to receive such amiable travellers." The Danes thanked her with warmth, and retired to the room which had been prepared for them.

The day after their arrival in *Berne* they hastened to pay their respects to Miss *Haller*. They found her not at home, but were received very politely by the uncle and aunt. "Will Miss *Haller* not soon return? Will Miss "*Sophia* be from home long? Shall we soon "have the pleasure of seeing our amiable fellow-"traveller?"

"traveller?" To all these questions the uncle and aunt were obliged to answer a hundred times. At length she returned. The Danes could not forbear the most joyful exclamations. She welcomed them as acquaintances; which made her appear in their eyes still more charming and amiable. The Count, *Baggesen*, and *Becker*, all wanted to speak to her,—all put questions to her at the same time. She replied to one with words, to the other by a smile, and the third by a nod; and all three were satisfied. Towards evening a walk was proposed. Male and female friends assembled; but the Danes saw and heard only *Sophia*. At length they parted, after having made the appointment to see each other again the next day. The second, third, and fourth day, were spent in the same way. At last, *Becker* perceived he was not the first in the favour of *Sophia*. He moderated his warmth in conversation with her, and resigned all claims to her partiality. The Count, who perhaps perceived the same, became dull, and soon entirely ceased his visits to *Sophia*. To dissipate his melancholy, he sought all kinds of social amusements. As to *Baggesen*,—perhaps only the poetess of *Lesbos* loved her *Phaon* with such a passion as he loved his *Sophia*; and scarcely could the inspired *Pythia*, on her golden tripod

have been so beside herself as our young poet, when his lips hung upon her hand. Each of his words was animated by profound sensibility when he spoke of her, and that sensibility was like a powerful flame. He durst not tell her, I love you; but the tender *Sophia* understood him, and did not remain indifferent. Her gaiety and vivacity diminished; she was frequently lost in deep thought, and her eyes sparkled. They often walked out in the evening in the avenues of the platform, and the thick foliage of the chesnut-trees, and the rays of the full moon witnessed their virtuous intercourse; till at length the platonic lover, on one of these fine evenings, threw himself on his knees before *Sophia*, seized her hand, and exclaimed, "It is mine!—thy heart is "made for mine!—we will be happy." "It is "thine," replied *Sophia*, with a look of tenderness; "It is thine; and I hope to be happy with "thee!"

I leave to an abler hand the description of this moment! The same evening the family of *Haller* embraced *Baggesen* as *Sophia*'s bridegroom, and their friend. The wedding-day was fixed. The poet now enjoys the beauteous dawn of that happiness which awaits him in the arms of his beloved wife; and praises in raptures the lake of

Thun,

Thun, where his eyes first beheld her, and where his heart loved her at first sight. Meantime Count *Moltke* has become quite tranquil, and rejoices at the felicity of his friend; as does *Becker* too, who related to me this history as I have written to you.

The autumn makes me melancholy. The tops of *Jura* are covered with snow. The leaves fall from the trees, and the grass withers. I walk up *la Treille*, and view with regret the ruins of summer. I hear the wind whistle, and the melancholy of my soul is mingled with a sweet sensation, which I am not able to describe. Ah! I never felt in such a lively manner, what a true picture the changes of nature present of the different periods of our life. Where art thou, spring of my life? Soon will my summer also be past; and at this moment I feel the chilness of autumn in my heart. Farewel, my friends!

Mount Jura, Nov. 8.

TAVERNIER, who travelled through almost the whole world, is of opinion, that he no where found, a single district in *Armenia* excepted, such a delightful prospect as at *Aubonne*. This little town is situated on the declivity of the

lofty *Jura*, not far from *Morges*,...about thirty wersts from *Geneva*. I seized my stick, and proceeded in order to see with my own eyes that enchanting country, which the celebrated *Tavernier* praises so highly.

Now, my, friends! I am sitting on the azure *Jura*, which is considerably higher than *Aubonne*, and my eyes are bewildered among the innumerable beauties which present themselves, gilded by the evening sun.

The lake of *Geneva* extends itself, as a mirror, before my eyes. On this side I behold towns, villages, country-houses, meadows, woods, and roads, which intersect each other;...now parting, now uniting again,...and swarming with people. On the other side, on the *Savoy* shore, rise terrific mountains; and among them the proud *Mont-Blanc*, which, enveloped in his mantle of snow, and with his roseate crown, towers above the rest like a king. Eyes! satiate yourselves with this charming picture. I must once leave this country again,...But why, when it is so charming? Yes! I will build myself a cottage on the *Jura*, and my life shall pass away like a delightful dream....But, alas! my friends are not here!

Magnificent picture of nature! impress thyself deeply on my memory. I know not whether I shall ever see thee again. But, if no destroying volcanoes convert thy charms to ashes,...if no earthquake devour this pellucid lake, and convulse its shores,...thou wilt ever remain the admiration of the world. Once, perhaps, the children of my friends shall ascend the *Jura*; and if they feel as I do, it will be an object which they will never forget. The sun has set; but the summits of the mountains still glisten. The azure range of the *Jura* is enveloped in darkness; but three summits of *Mont Blanc* still glimmer. The wind whistles,...a cloud rises in the West,...it obscures the horizon,...and a sable curtain covers the whole magnificent picture.

Aubonne, eleven o'clock at Night.

TAVERNIER, who returned from the *Indies* with great wealth, purchased the barony of *Aubonne*, and intended here to spend the remainder of his days in tranquillity; but the passion for travelling was a-new excited in his mind, and, in his eighty-fourth year, he set off on a tour through the north of *Europe*. He died upon this tour, in the metropolis of *Russia*, in 1689.

 On

On my return to *Moscow* I shall endeavour to find the tomb of this extraordinary man, who travelled through all *Europe* and *Asia*, and had been six times in *Turkey*, *Persia*, and *India*, without satisfying his desire for travelling. At his father's, a dealer in maps, he had often, when a boy, contemplated the delineations of the different countries; and at the same time exclaimed, "Ah! father, what a fine thing it must be to "see all these countries!" Hence arose his inclination for travelling.

What a difference in the destiny of men! One dies under the paternal roof where he was born, without ever learning what happens on the other side of his field. On the contrary, another wants to see, to know, every thing; and even crosses the immeasurable ocean in order to satisfy his curiosity.

In human nature prevail two opposite inclinations. One always allures the heart to new objects, and the other ties us to the old. The former is called *instability*, *desire for novelty*, and the latter, *custom*. A perpetual uniformity produces languor, and our soul pants for variety. Thus, when we are about to part from what we have been accustomed to, the soul feels sorrow and regret. Happy the man, in whose breast

these two inclinations are equally powerful! But, he in whom one of them has the preponderance becomes either a constant vagabond, unsteady, and variable,...or, on the contrary, cold, idle, and inanimate. The former, who hastens from object to object, and acquires a thorough knowledge of nothing, remains ever dissipated, and without energy; while on the contrary, the latter, who eternally sees and hears one and the same thing, becomes dull and stupid. These two extremes agree at last in this respect, that both paralyse the energies of the soul. Only read *Tavernier*, *Paul Lucas*, *Chardin*, and other celebrated travellers, who spent the greatest part of their lives in foreign countries. Do you find in their works traces of a heart endued with tender sensibility? Do they ever melt the soul? Ah! my friends, the man who can spend ten, twenty years, or a longer period, in a remote foreign country, among strangers, without an ardent desire for the society of those with whom he was born under one sky,...with whom he, from childhood, breathed the same air,...with whom he at the same time learned to stammer the first accents,...who once played with him in his native fields,...who laughed, who wept, with him,—that man can never be my friend.

Farewel!

Farewel! the pen falls from my hand, and soft repose invites me.

Geneva, November the twenty-sixth.

IT is long since I wrote to you, my friends, and for this reason, that I was not able. A dreadful head-ach, such as I never felt before, has tormented me this fortnight past, and prevented me, not only from writing, but even from sleeping. Supporting my head on my arm, I sat, day and night, with my eyes closed, and almost motionless. My kind-hearted landlady brought me a physician, but his prescriptions were unavailing. At length, benevolent nature commiserated the poor sufferer, and removed the oppressive burden from my heart.

Yesterday, I again breathed freely for the first time, and in the open air raised my eyes towards heaven. It seemed as if all nature rejoiced with me. I wept like a child, and felt that illness had not blunted the sensibility of my heart, nor rendered me incapable of enjoyment. No! it still feels as before; and the dear image of my friends shines again in full lustre in my soul. Ah! ye much-loved objects, at this moment the

distance

distance which separates us vanishes. I embrace you, and nature, and the whole universe.

Away, recollection of endured illness! I must not complain of our kind mother, Nature. I will forget every thing, excepting the felicity which she mingles in the cup of life.

December the first.

To-day I am twenty-four years of age. At six o'clock in the morning I walked to the banks of the lake; and, with my eye fixed on its azure surface, I meditated on the life of man.

Give me your hand, my friends! and then the current of time may drive whithersoever it pleases. Confidence in providence,...in that invisible hand which gives motion to worlds and atoms,...which protects the worm and man, ...be the pledge of our happiness!

How ardently did I wish to spend this day with you! However, I shall at least in thought rejoice with you. You also will certainly think on your friend.

Geneva,

Geneva.

YOU will perhaps be surpised, my friends, that I have not yet said a single word about the *Great Bonnet*, who resides on his estate at *Genthod*, about four wersts from *Geneva*. I had been told that he was very ill, deaf, and blind, and saw nobody but his nearest relations. I had of course given up all hope of seeing this celebrated philosopher and physiologist, when a few days ago Mr. *K.* a relation of the sage, desired me very obligingly to ride out with him to *Bonnet*; to whom he assured me, my visit would be not at all disagreeable. We rode out in the morning, but did not find him at home. Mr. *K.* left word, that a Russian traveller wished to see him; and the following day *Bonnet* sent and invited me. At the appointed hour I knocked at his door, which was opened, and I was conducted into the cabinet of the philosopher; whom I, to my astonishment, found quite different from what my imagination had represented; for I expected to find a feeble man, bent beneath a weight of years —a frail cottage, whose temporary inhabitant, by origin a citizen of heaven, tired of the earth, was impatient

impatient to return home;—in short, the ruins of the *Great Bonnet.* But, instead of this, I beheld a brisk old man, whose eyes still sparkled with fire, whose voice is still sound and harmonious,—in a word—*Bonnet*, from whom a second *Palingenesie* might be expected. He met me at the door, and offered me his hand, accompanied with a friendly look. I addressed him, "You behold a youth "who has read your works with great pleasure "and advantage, and who cordially loves and "reveres the author of them." "I rejoice "always," was his answer, "when my works "afford noble souls utility or satisfaction. We sat down at the fire—*Bonnet* in his arm chair, and I by his side on a common chair. "Draw nearer "to me," said he, and put a trumpet to his ear; "my senses grow dull." Though I am not able to repeat to you, word for word, my conversation with *Bonnet*, which lasted more than three hours, I will however tell you what occurs to me, and I beg you to be contented with these fragments.

First I must tell you, that *Bonnet* has entirely charmed me by his frank and friendly manner. I could trace no pride nor haughtiness in him. He spoke to me as to his equal, and accepted thankfully of every compliment that I presented

to him. His soul is as good as it is pure and so devoid of suspicion, that he considers every civility as the language of the heart. Oh! what a difference betwixt *a German Savant*, and *Bonnet!* The former, with a haughty smile, swallows every eulogium as an offering due to his merit, nor minds from whence it comes; the latter, on the contrary, endeavours to repay every compliment with another. But the party between us was in fact very unequal. I spoke with one known to all the world...an estemed philosopher; and he spoke with a common youth, entirely unknown to him.

It was a satisfaction to *Bonnet*, that I had undertaken to translate his works into the *Russian.* "With which do you intend to begin?" said he; "With the *Contemplation de la Nature,*" replied I; "as that which in truth may be called a magazine of useful knowledge to every one." "Never," answered he, "should I have thought, "that this work should have met with so favourable a reception, and have been translated "into so many languages. You will learn from "the preface, that I was about throwing it into "the fire. But with the *Palingenesie* you translate the best and most useful of my works. "Yes, Sir! in our century there are many unbelievers."

It

It was not at all agreeable to him, that his *Contemplation* had been translated into *English* and *German*, without his having been previously consulted. He is of opinion, that when the author of a book is still alive, he ought to be consulted by the person who intends to translate it. He prefers *Spallanzani's* translation to all others. He is least satisfied with the *German* translator Professor *Titius*; because the learned *German* has corrected him here and there, and mingled his own opinions with *Bonnet's* hypotheses. I told him at this opportunity, that *Titius*, notwithstanding his learning, has not in many places even understood him. For instance "*Je m'élève à la raison éternelle.*" I elevate myself to the eternal reason;...when he should have put *cause* instead of reason. *Bonnet*, on hearing this, shrugged up his shoulders.

He loves *Lavater*, and praises his heart and talents. However, he does not think it adviseable to learn philosophy from him. He told me an anecdote, which entirely characterizes *Lavater*, He and his son had lately visited *Bonnet*. *Lavater* started up all of a sudden...tore off the wig from *Bonnet's* head...and said to his son. "Look, *Henry!* "wherever you can behold such a head, there "learn wisdom!"

When the conversation turned on the ambition

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of writers, *Bonnet* said, " Let the author struggle
" for fame. While he labours but for his own
" advantage, he becomes useful to all mankind;
" for the wise Creator has connected, by indis-
" soluble ties, the welfare of individuals with the
" general welfare of mankind."

He called *Jean Jacques* a great rhetorician. He thought his stile harmonious; his *philosophical system*, on the contrary, merely a castle in the air. Besides, he cannot forgive his former fellow-citizen, that he did not spare the government of *Geneva*, in his *Letres écrites de la Montagne*.

He said further, " In all *Europe* there is not a
" city so enlightened as *Geneva*. Artists, manufac-
" turers, merchants, wives, and maids, have their
" libraries, and read, not only novels and poems,
" but also philosophical books." This I know to be true; for even the *Genevese* hair-dressers learn by heart whole passages of *Voltaire*; and the ladies listen with great attention to a young count, a friend of *Martin*, when he delivers lectures to them on the *arcana* of nature.

The venerable old man accompanied me to the staircase. But do you know how he is called in the enlightened *Geneva*? The *insect*!...because he has written about *insects*!!

Even

Geneva, January 23, 1790.

Even in the little republic of *Geneva* the seeds of discord are disseminated. What strange creatures are men! Even in the bosom of contentment they are dissatisfied.

I heard to-day a very pathetic sermon on the love of our country. The preacher demonstrated, that their republic was happy in every respect; and that nothing more was wanted to complete their bliss, than unanimity among the citizens, on which the safety of every one depended. The church was very much crowded; particularly a great number of women were there, though the minister always addressed the brethren. All around me wept and sighed; and the tears of the fair maidens, mothers, and wives, sensibly affected me.

....

Yesterday I wrote the following letter to *Bonnet*.
" As I believe a short letter, though it may not " be written in quite pure French, will be less " troublesome to you than a visit, which might " perhaps disturb you, I shall take the liberty of " writing to you.

" I have once more read through, with the " greatest attention, your *Contemplation*; and I " may say without boasting, that I feel myself " able to translate this excellent work without

"injuring, and even without weakening, the "energy of the style. However, another *Bonnet* "is certainly requisite to preserve the beauties of "the original in their entire purity. Besides, the "*Russian* may be rich enough, but it is not yet "sufficiently improved; and we have but very "few philosophical and physical original works "or translations in the *Russian*. New combi-"nations of words, and perhaps even quite new "terms, will be necessary; which was the case "with the *Germans* when they began to write in "their native language. Without being unjust "to the latter, the energy and riches of which I "know well, I can however maintain, that ours "is possessed of more flexibility and harmony. "The conviction of the utility of my labour will "give me the strength necessary to surmount "every obstacle."

"You are always so intelligible, and all your "expressions so determined, that I have only to "thank you for your kind invitation to apply to "you, when any difficult passages occur. If any "thing should be difficult to me, it will be this, "to make what is quite plain in the *French*, as "plain in the *Russian*."

"I have also resolved upon translating your "*Palingenesie*. A friend of mine in *Moscow*, who,

"like

" like myself, considers himself happy to have
" read and studied your writings, will assist me
" in my agreeable undertaking. Perhaps he, at
" the moment when I have the honour of wri-
" ting to you, is translating a chapter of your
" *Contemplation*, or of your *Palingenesie*, in order
" to surprize his friend with it on his return to
" his country."

" When I lay my translation before the reader,
" I shall at the same time tell him, ' I have seen
' *Bonnet*' " and the reader will secretly envy me.

" Accept of my thanks for your kind recep-
" tion, as well as of my assurances of my most
" profound veneration, etc.

To this he replied,...

Genthod, Friday evening, January 22, 1790.

" If I did not know you were a *Russian*, I
" should, on reading your agreeable letter, have
" scarcely believed it. You defend our language
" like a *Frenchman* who has studied it; and I can-
" not congratulate myself enough on having found
" a translator, so very able to do justice to the
" original."

"I am convinced, that you will translate the
" *Palinginesie* not less successfully than the *Con-*

 " *templation*;

" *templation*; and these two works will be indebted " to you for an honour, which their author well " knows how to appreciate; viz. to be known " to a nation endeavouring to enlighten her pa- " triotism, and so very susceptible of improvement.

" I shall still request one act of kindness of " you, namely on Sunday next to accept of a " philosopher's frugal repast in my rural solitude. " If that day should be convenient to you, I shall " expect you at 12 o' clock, and we will converse " about your work, for which I am so much " obliged to you. Please to favour me with one " word in return. The intelligence that you " have a friend at *Moscow*, whose views are the " same as yours, is very agreeable to me; and " that he feels a satisfaction in reading and " studying me, affords me not a little pleasure."

" Accept of my most sincere assurances of " esteem and respect, etc.

Geneva, January 26, 1790.

AS it was very fine weather yesterday, I proceeded on foot to *Genthod*; but the sky was soon overcast, and a heavy rain compelled me to seek for shelter. I entered a peasant's cot, where a numerous family sat at dinner. When the host learned

learned the cause of my unexpected visit, he brought me a chair from the other room, and desired me to try the potatoes which his wife had boiled. I tasted, praised them, and laid the fork down again. " Why do you not eat ? " " I am " going to dine in *Genthod* with Mr. *Bonnet !* " " With Mr. *Bonnet !*...You are consequently ac- " quainted with him ? " " Yes, I am, but not " till lately." " Ah ! what an honest man ! All " the country people love him from the bottom " of their hearts ; and the poor call him their fa- " ther and benefactor." " Is he then very liberal " to them ?" " That he is ;... never has any one " yet left him with a gloomy look. He not only " gives alms, but he speaks besides so friendly " and so feelingly with the distressed, that every " eye is filled with tears, and every one catches his " hand to kiss it !" " 'Tis true ;" said the eldest son of my host. His young wife declared the same. It cleared up at length ; and after having thanked the hospitable and good-natured peasant, I again proceeded on my journey. The Genevese *Sage*, you see, is not only known by his writings, but also by his deeds...*a benefactor to mankind.*

I found *Bonnet* in the garden. He conducted me instantly into the room, when he observed the drops of the rain on my coat ; and desired me to

sit

sit down at the fire that I might warm my feet, lest I should catch cold, as he expressed himself. This is a mark of his art to gain hearts, and this art is connate with his mind. If, according to the expression of *Wieland*, his works cause the reader to love the author, his friendly conversation still increases this love. I never spoke with any one with such little embarrassment, and such freedom. His words and his looks inspire boldness. He is attentive to the end, enters into any subject, and replies to every thing....What a man!

" You are going to translate my *Contemplation?*" said he to me. " Begin the translation before the author, and at the same table on which it was written. Here is the book, here is paper, pen, and ink." I readily and gladly complied with his wish.

I approached with a certain veneration the writing-table of the great philosopher, placed myself in his arm chair, and took his pen. My hand did not tremble, though *Bonnet* stood beside me. I translated the title, and the first paragraph, and read this to him, "I hear," said the amiable *Bonnet*, smiling, " I hear ; but I understand nothing. Your countrymen will probably " know better than I. But I shall keep as a " memorial of our acquaintance this slip of paper."

He

He wanted to know in what time I could translate the *Contemplation*; in what size I would have it printed; and if I should correct the press myself. I was very much pleased that the *great Bonnet* should enter into these minute circumstances; but this promise was still more agreeable, that he would communicate to me new remarks, with which even the *French* public were not yet acquainted, that he had written on single leaves, some of which contained accounts of new discoveries in the sciences, and others tending to complete, illustrate, and improve many passages.

" I am a man," said he, " I may have erred;
" and, as it is impossible that I could make all
" the experiments myself, I have admitted the
" mistakes of others, till at last I have discovered
" them. In order to give my works the highest
" perfection possible, I am continually correcting
" those errors which I find in them."

He has desired me to send him two sets of my translation, one for himself, and the other for the Genevese library. The venerable sage writes scarcely any thing himself, in order to spare his weak eyes; but he dictates all to his secretary. He asked me, amongst other things, what philosophy they preferred at the university of *Moscow?* I ventured to reply, " the *Wolfian*." In fact, I

don't know for a certainty. Then *Bonnet* observed, "*Wolf* is a good philosopher; but he is too "fond of demonstration; I prefer his analy-"tical method, which is incomparably more "certain."

At one o'clock we went to the dining-room on the ground floor, where we found Madame *Bonnet*. Though she is younger than her husband, she is much weaker, and more infirm. She was very friendly; and, while *Bonnet* ate his soup, she secretly praised the goodness of his heart. "The public may judge of "his understanding and his knowledge," said she, "but I can say, that his love, his goodness of heart, "and his tender attention, constitute my happiness. "I believe without him I should have died long "ago, as I am so weak and sickly. When I see "him about me I endure patiently all the attacks "of my disease; and, instead of murmuring, I "thank heaven for such a husband." "What "are you talking about?" asked *Bonnet*, giving "his plate away; "About the fine weather," replied Madame *Bonnet*, wiping her eyes.

I sat betwixt this worthy couple as between *Philemon* and *Baucis*. The dinner was very good, and all as abundant as in that nature which *Bonnet* has described. When we took coffee, the *Danish* painter came, whom *Bonnet* has men-

tioned

tioned in his Contemplation, and who lives with him. He told us of the indisposition of Madame *Saussure*, the niece of *Bonnet*; but, as he spoke very bad French, he always stopped at every other word, and was often at a loss for expressions. The excellent *Bonnet* sat patiently with his ear-trumpet, and waited with the greatest tranquility of mind till he could express himself. This *trait* appeared to me characteristic. It proves clearly the serenity of his soul, which cannot be ruffled by any thing.

He took a fancy to accompany me back to *Geneva*. He called the coachman and ordered him to put the horses to. I wished that you had seen with what looks this man viewed him, and in what tone he answered him; "very well, my "good dear master, very well!" every body in the house loves him as their father.

I don't know whether he is to be pitied, that he has no children to cheer up the gloomy autumn of his days. For the wise man, who converses in a familiar manner with the genius of nature, who considers the whole human race as one family, and who works for the improvement and welfare of all, may even be happy without this advantage.

Madame *Bonnet* is a great lover of birds; she has

has parrots, finches, turtle-doves and other birds. "I am not surprized at your taste," said I to her; "for who should not love that which your husband has described?" *Bonnet* heard this, and shook my hand. "But do you know," said he, "that I often dispute with my wife about books?" Yesterday we had a great contest about *Du Paty's Lettres sur l'Italie.* The style of these letters appears to her excellent; and I contend that it is too much adorned and affected. She finds in it a natural eloquence; and I nothing but antithesis. Madame *Bonnet* laughed, and observed; "that the author of the *Essai Analytique sur l'ame*, was not always sensible of poetical beauties." They accompanied me back to the city gate in their carriage.

We have got no winter here, and though sometimes the days are as fine and as warm as with us in the end of August, or in the beginning of September, still they keep fires continually in all *Geneva*. It has snowed but once; however, the snow remained only a few hours on the ground; but the summits of the mountains are covered with it. "An admirable contrast!" Winter reigns on the top of the mountains in all its inclemency; and at the foot of them the finest autumn!

Some

Some days ago I became acquainted with Mr. *Ulrich*, a native of *Zurich*, who teaches the deaf and dumb to speak, read, and write. He lives in the house of an opulent gentleman, who has a daughter deaf and dumb; she is thirteen years of age, and looks very well. Through Mr. *Ulrich*'s art and pains, she begins already to make herself understood, and to understand others. He shews her at first how to open her mouth for every syllable, and move her tongue and lips. Then he teaches her to bring forth tones, and explains to her through signs the sense of them. When others do not speak very quickly, or say words known to her, she understands all by the motion of the speaker's lips. It is a pity there are so many abstract ideas, which cannot be expressed at all by signs!

The day before yesterday I paid a visit to Mr. *Ulrich:* he was conversing with his pupil, and almost as easily as with any one else. She understood also much of what I said to her; and replied very orderly to it. But there is something wild and disagreeable in her voice, which absolutely can not be improved. She writes with much purity and correctness. Her mother makes her keep a journal, which *Ulrich* shewed to me... it was very neatly written.

She loves her tutor exceedingly, and is more friendly towards him than to her parents. I observed in the day-book among other things, the following; "Madame *N.* invited me; but I did "not go to her because she had not invited my "tutor." *Ulrich* has been in *Paris* to visit the Abbe *L'Epée*, who has established a school for the deaf and dumb. Which shall we the most admire? the skill of the teacher, or the docility of the pupil? Certainly, the latter. But both together raise my admiration of the faculties of the human mind.

I have within these few days become acquainted with the young *Vernes*, whose *Franciade*, and *Voyageur Sentimental*, you know. There are many good things in the latter. He dines now and then in our boarding-house. My friend *B*...... went to *Lausanne* some days ago, and I have this moment received the following letter from him.

"Ah! my friend! pity your unfortunate "friend! a cold, a cough, and a pain in my "stomach, keep me indeed from the desk; but "I must tell you my disastrous fate.

"You will recollect the young fair one from "*Yverdon*, with whom we dined in *Basle*; you "will also recollect, that I sat next to her, that

"she

" she spoke to me in a friendly manner, and " viewed me with tenderness. Ah! what rock " could have screened me from her piercing " eyes? what snows could have extinguished " that fire which these looks kindled in the " fountain of life. Yes! my friend! I have " studied anatomy and medicine, and I know " that the heart is the source of life, what- " ever the right honourable doctor *Megadidaktos*, " and his colleague the very learned doctor " *Mikrologos*, say to the contrary. The lady of " *Yverdon* had awakened such sentiments in me, " as I am not able to describe to you at pre- " sent. I don't know, what would have be- " come of me, and what I might have done, had " she not—Oh fatal shock!—gone away the " same night when my thoughts dwelt on her " alone, and balmy sleep fled from my eyes. " You took me from *Basle*:—the journey, the " fine countries, the beautiful French lady, the " little Pierre, the squirrel, the wicked squirrel, " interesting acquaintances, cataracts, mountains, " *Sophia*—all these were not able to banish the " idea of the maid of *Yverdon*.

" The rapid torrent, sooner orlater, bears down " every barrier. Love does the same! I hired a " horse in *Lausanne*, and rode or rather galloped to

 " *Yverdon*,

"*Yverdon*—I flew—and at ten in the morning I
"was on the spot. I put up at an inn, dressed,
"took off my hanger and spurs, and went—whi-
"ther my heart led me. An old man received me
"with a gloomy air; it was the father of my
"girl." "Good sir!" said I, "the esteem with
"which my heart is filled for your daughter,
"the great, the ardent wish to see her!—At
"this moment she entered the room. "*Julia!*"
said the father, "do you know this gentleman?"
Julia viewed me, and answered in a civil manner,
"She had not the honour." "Imagine my
"amazement!...I trembled aloud, as *Klopstock*
"says. It seemed to me as if all the *Alps* had
"fallen on me. I could hardly recover myself;
"and without saying a word, I presented my
"pocket-book to the forgetful *Julia*, in which
"her name was written with her own hand. A
"high suffusion overspread the face of the maid.
"She began to excuse herself, and said to her fa-
"ther, I had the honour to dine with this gentleman
"in *Basle*. Her father entreated me to sit down.
"My blood was still in great agitation, and I
"could not recover myself. She was no less
"embarrassed. When the old man learned I was a
"physician, he was very glad, and began to
"give me a full account of all his diseases. Alas!

"thought

" thought I, has fate brought me to *Yverdon*, " in order to listen to the account of an old, in- " firm man, about his hœmorrhoidal attacks?... " Meantime the daughter sat quite still, took " snuff from time to time, and looked at me " sometimes, but not as in *Basle*. Her looks " were as cold as the north wind. At length I " could stand it no longer; I rose and was about " to take my leave." " Do you intend to stay " long in *Yverdon?*" said she, " with an agree- " able voice, accompanied with a smile, which " plainly told me,—I hope you will not come " a second time. " Only a few hours, was my " answer." " I wish you then a happy journey, " and much medical practice, added the old " man, pulling off his night-cap. We parted... " and when I came into the street, my hired " lacquey told me, that Miss *Julia* was on the " eve of being married. She was betrothed " to Mr. *H. N.* Ah! now, said I to myself, I " can guess the reason why she received me with " such coldness. I doubled my pace in order to " hasten from the house of the promised spouse " of Mr. *H. N.* *Yverdon* was now a wilderness " to me. I waited with the greatest impatience " for dinner; and when I sat down, I ordered my " horse to be got ready. Four Englishmen sat at the

"same table with me, who drank my health in all "the wines which the host had in his cellar. I "ordered two bottles of Burgundy to return the "compliment. Thus three or four hours insen- "sibly elapsed. My heart forgot all earthly "grief, and I forgave the faithless *Julia* with all "my soul. The Englishmen drank several toasts, "which I did also in my turn. At last I filled "my glsss, raised it on high, and exclaimed, "Whoever loves beauty and tenderness, let him "drink with me to the health of *Julia*, and wish "her a happy marriage! The glasses jingled, "the wine sparkled, and all the Englishmen "cried with one voice, 'We drink the health 'of *Julia*, and wish her a happy marriage!'

"Ten times I asked whether my horse was "ready, and ten times they answered me,— "he is at the door." At last the waiter came, "and said, 'I could not set off now.'—Why "not?" "It is too late, and the sky is over- "cast." "Pooh! I must away! My horse!" "After half an hour the fellow appeared again. "It is impossible for you to go now.—Impos- "sible! Why? It is late, and it begins to "snow.—Nonsense.—My horse! I will!"

"I arose—shook hands with the Englishmen "—buckled on my hanger—paid my bill—leaped

"into

" into the saddle—and set off in full speed to " *Lausanne*. The wind blew the snow into my " face.—I wiped my eyes, and applied the spur. " The snow at length fell in great flakes, and I " could not see three paces before me. I found " that I had lost my way. What was to be done? " Forward! forward! in the name of God! I " cried out, and thus wandered about till mid- " night. At last my good steed, the faithful " companion of my ill fate, quite exhausted, " stopped. I dismounted, and led him by the " bridle; but my strength soon abandoned me. " Thy unfortunate friend already prepared to " make the light snow his bolster, and commit " his fate to providence. Cold death, with all " its horrors, threatened me. I even took leave " of my country, my friends, the *chemical* " *lectures*,* and all my delicious hopes. But fate " relented once more. I suddenly observed a pea- " sant's cot. It is easy to imagine my joy. " I shall not therefore attempt to describe it. " The family received me, warmed me, pressed " me to sup, and gave me a bed. The next morn- " ing I prevailed on the host to accept of six

" franks,

* My friend had often spoken with rapture about his future *chemical lectures*, with which he expected to surprise all the learned in Denmark.

" franks, and proceeded on my way to *Lausanne*,
" where I arrived at nine o'clock in the morn-
" ing with a violent cold—This is the end of my
" novel !—*Vale !—B.*"

" *P. S.* As soon as I get rid of my cough I
" shall return to *Geneva*, under the protection of
" their magnificences the *Syndics*. It is said,
" there are many reports afloat in your quarter."

The cathedral church of *Geneva* recalled to my memory times long past. Here once stood a temple of *Apollo*, but the fire partly consumed these venerable remains of antiquity, and a new religion transformed the ruins of the heathen temple into a christian church....I entered the extensive and vacant interior; my eyes sought some remarkable object which could arrest my attention. At last I beheld a mass of black marble guarded by lions. It was the monument of *Duc de Rohan*, whom Henry IV. loved as his friend, and Lewis XIII. persecuted as his most bitter enemy. He lived and died with his sword in his hand, crowned with the laurels of the conqueror.

Avec tous les talens le ciel l'avoit fait naitre,
Il agit en heros en sage il ecrivit
Il fut meme grand homme, en combattant son maitre
Et plus grand, lors qu'il le servit.....VOLTAIRE.

Rohan was the chief of the protestants in *France*, and the commander of their army. But at the conclusion of a peace he lost their confidence. Many of them called him a traitor, and were on the point of embruing their hands in the blood of the hero, who felt himself guilty of no crime. Unarmed and tranquil, he appeared in the midst of the discontented crowd, uncovered his breast, and addressed the deluded brethren of his faith with a powerful voice, thus:—"Strike!—here is "my breast!—I sacrificed my life for you; now "I'll die by your hands!" These words moved the people. They were ashamed of their injustice, and fell down upon their knees before him. Thus virtue triumphed at last, and the philanthropic hero shed tears of joy. This and similar *traits* of magnanimity are so many brilliant pearls in the gloomy history of past centuries.

The unfortunate *Tancred* reposes by the side of his father. The fate of this prince is worthy the attention and commiseration of every feeling mind. *Rohan* wanted to conceal the birth of his son till a certain time, because he feared that Cardinal *Richelieu* might take him, and educate him in the catholic religion. The selfish sister of *Tancred*, who wished to inherit alone the property of

of her father, took advantage of this circumstance, and caused the boy *Tancred* to be stolen away by some persons devoted to her interest. He was then to be delivered to some obscure person out of *France* to be educated. All this was executed agreeably to her will. *Tancred* was entrusted to a poor man in *Holland*; and the duke and his lady, a daughter of the great *Sully*, were told that their son was dead. The young prince grew up in the country, rambled about the meadows, wrought in the garden, and considered the family of his foster-father as his own. He was handsome and sensible, and acquired the love of all those who knew him.—Meantime the duke died. His lady had ceased to deplore the loss of her beloved son, when at once, to her unexpected joy, she received the certain intelligence that he was still alive, by one of the persons who had conveyed him to *Holland*. She immediately sent for him.

Tancred learned his illustrious birth with indifference. He was also informed of the death of his father, and shed bitter tears. He heard at last, how impatiently his mother waited for him, and quickly seizing the hand of the messenger, exclaimed: "Come, let us hasten to her." But as he now perceived the affliction of his foster-father

and his family, he threw himself about his neck, solemnly declaring, that he never would forget them. He said, "I shall never cease calling "thee my father—I shall never deny my mother, "brothers, and sisters!—Now farewel!—If I do "well in *Paris*, I shall send for ye all!"—*Tancred* set off, and every moment he asked his guide, "Shall we soon reach the destined spot?—Shall "I soon behold my mother?"

He saw her at length, and the tender mother could scarcely bear this extremity of joy. The affectionate son threw himself at her feet—However, I shall not describe this moving scene.—The dutchess declared *Tancred* her son, and heir of *Duc de Rohan*; but her daughter would not acknowledge him for her brother. This gave birth to a law-suit, and the young *Rohan* could not assume the title of duke till it was determined. *France* was then the theatre of a civil war. The duke of *Orleans* and the prince of *Condé*, endeavoured to seize on the metropolis, and annihilate the parliament. But many noblemen were on the side of the parliament, and defended the city. *Tancred*, now eighteen years of age, joined the latter, and exhibited, on many occasions, unexampled traits of courage and heroism. But this heroic bravery was his misfortune. He

was

was abandoned in the heat of battle by his own party, and surrounded by the enemy, who called out to him to surrender; but the young soldier defended himself to the last, and cried: "*Point de quartier! il faut vaincre ou mourir.*" A ball reached his heart—and the hero fell as—a hero. This premature death shortened the days of the unfortunate dutchess. She caused the following inscription to be placed on his tomb: "Here lies *Tancred*, the son of the duke of "*Rohan*, the true heir of his virtues and illus- "trious name. He fell at the age of eighteen, "in the defence of his fellow-citizens. The "Lord gave him, and the Lord took him away, "to the sorrow of all his relations, and all true "sons of the country. *Margaret de Bethune*, "dutchess of *Rohan*, an afflicted widow, and in- "consolable mother, has erected this monument. "May it forever remain as a memorial of her "grief, and her love to the dearest of sons!"

But the base sister of *Tancred*, who hated her brother even in the grave, after the death of her mother, who is also buried with her husband and son, caused the king to write to the republic of *Geneva*, to desire that the inscription should be erased. It was actually obliterated; but it is to be found in the *Histoire de Tancred.*

The celebrated *Scuderi* composed the following verses, which he even delivered to the sister of *Tancred.*

Olimpe, le pourrai . . . je-dire
Sans exciter votre courroux?
Le grand coeur, que la *France* admire,
Semble deposer contre vous.
L'invincible *Rohan* plus craint, que le tonnere.
Vit finir ses jours a la guerre.
Et Tancrede a le meme sort.
Cette conformite qui le couvre de gloire
Force presque chacun a croire
Que la belle Olimpe avoit tort
Et que ce jeune *Mars,* si digne de memoire
Eut la naissance illustre, aussi bien que la mort.

In the cathedral is also to be seen the grave of *Theodor Agrippa Aubinier,* the grandfather of Madame *de Maintenon,* who for some time enjoyed the favour of Henry IV. but was afterwards compelled to leave the court and *France.*

The fine weather continues. I endeavour to enjoy it; and often take some louis-d'ors and my pocket-book with me, and then make excursions into *Switzerland, Savoy,* or *Pays de Gex*; whence, in the course of three or four days, I return to *Geneva.*

I lately visited the *Peters-Island*, whither the greatest author of the eighteenth century fled, in order to escape the baseness and prejudice of man, which, like furies, chaced him from one place to another. The day was very fine. I rambled over the whole island, and every where sought traces of the Genevese philosopher—beneath the old birch and chesnut-trees, in the long avenues of the dusky thicket, on the withered meadows, and on the rocky windings of the shore. "Here," said I, "didst thou learn "to forget the cruel, and the ungrateful—cruel "and ungrateful!" with what affliction of heart I wrote these words!—"Here didst thou forget "all the storms of the world, in the enjoyment "of solitude and tranquillity! thy mind reposed "here, after great labours; and thy heart became appeased! Where art thou now? Every "thing is still as thou leftst it; but thou art "no where—no where!"—It seemed to me as if the woods and meadows sighed, or re-echoed my groans. I looked around me—and the whole island appeared veiled in sables.—The gloom of winter covered nature!—I was tired, and sat down at the end of the island. The whole lake of *Biel* lay, pellucid and tranquil, before me. I observed villages on its banks, and in the blue

distance the towns of *Biel* and *Nydau*. My fancy represented a boat on the smooth lake; zephyrs played about it, and wafted it gently to the shore. In the boat lay an old man of a venerable countenance, in an Armenian dress. His eyes, fixed on heaven, bespoke the greatness of his soul, his acuteness, and amiable enthusiasm. "It is "he! it is he!...who was driven away from "*France*, from *Geneva*, and *Neufchatel*?"...And why! Because heaven had blessed him with sublime genius?...because he was good, full of sensibility and humanity?

With what lively colours does *Rousseau* describe his life on *Peter's Island*, which glided away in the sweetest leisure! Whoever has not strained the powers of his mind in nightly meditations, can have no idea whatever of the happiness of such a life,—the happiness of this *Sabbath*, which only great minds taste at the end of their terrestrial pilgrimage, and which is an invigorating preparation for new activity, which commences on the other side of the grave. But thy peace did not last long! A new storm annihilated it,...and the heart of the great man bled. "Let me at "least die in peace!" exclaimed he, in the anguish of his soul. "Let locks of iron and massy "bars shut up the doors of my habitation! Con-

"fine me me in this island...close me up, if you "think my breath poisonous! But cease to "chase an unfortunate man from one place to "another! Shut me up from the light of the "day, and permit me only to take the air at "night." No! the infirm old man was compelled to leave his dear island,...and then he is reproached with *Misanthropy*! Who, in his situation, would not have turned a misanthrope! Perhaps none but he who never loved mankind.

I sat meditating, when at once I beheld a young man, with his hat pressed down over his eyes, who came towards me with a slow pace: he held a book in his hand. When he was near he stopped, viewed me, and said; "*vous pensez a* "*lui!*" He went slowly by. I had no time to answer him, or look more attentively on his face; however, to judge by his tone of voice, and his green frock with gold buttons, I took him to be an Englishman.

There is only one solitary house in *Peter's Island*, in which the steward lives with his family; and here *Rousseau* also lived This island, belonging to *Berne*, is now called by most people *Rousseau's Island*. I have also been in *Yverdon*, *Neufchatel*, and other towns of *Switzerland*. In the library of *Yverdon* I observed some skeletons, which

which had been dug up at a mill about twenty years ago. They lay with the faces towards the east, and at their feet were found an earthen urn and the bones of birds. I also found here some remarkable silver coins, struck in the time of *Constantine.*

....

Throughout *Switzerland* wealth and abundance prevail; but, on entering *Savoy*, I beheld nothing but poverty, rags, beggars, filth, and uncleanliness. The people are lazy; the land lies waste, and the villages are deserted. Many Savoyards leave this country and stroll about others with marmots.

In *Carouge*, the first village in *Savoy*, is a military garrison. But what soldiers! what officers! ...unfortunate country!...and woe to the traveller who seeks a meal in the Savoyard inns! he must close his eyes and nose if he chuses to satisfy his hunger. The beds also are so filthy, that I never could prevail upon myself to repose upon one of them.

....

At length peace and tranquillity again prevail in *Geneva*. The change which some months ago was made here in the council, has been confirmed by the United Powers of *France*, *Berne*, and *Savoy*,

and the banished Genevese may now return home. The new *Syndics* were lately elected in *Peter's Church*; and all the citizens swore to this election by laying their hands on the Bible. The first *Syndic* delivered a speech, and gave an account of the administration of those that had retired. Then the new *Syndics* took the oath, and solemnly promised to promote the interest of the republic. All was silent and solemn. Foreigners were admitted, but not without a ticket.

A short time ago the following tragi-comic story happened here. On a Sunday a young Englishman appeared on horseback;...not the one whom I saw on *Peter's Island*...on the promenade *la Treille*, where many persons assemble, particularly on the Sundays, and galloped at full speed through the avenues; those on foot could scarcely save themselves from the fury of this madman. A police-officer at last seized the horse by the reins, and told the Englishman, that he might go on foot on *la Treille*, but not on horseback. "But I will go on horseback," replied the Englishman "It is not permitted." "Who "prevents me?" "I, in the name of the law." The Englishman lolled out his tongue, spurred his horse, and set off. "Uproar! rebellion!" the Genevese cried, and in a few minutes a division

vision of the guards made their appearance. Now you think perhaps the Englishman scampered away?...not in the least! he rode up and down the avenues, whistled, played with his sash, and irritated those whose physiognomy did not please him; nay, he even threatened to ride over the soldiers who surrounded him. At length, however, they pulled the bold Briton from his horse, notwithstanding his resistance, and conducted him to the guard-house. Half an hour after a young lady came to him, and rushed with tears into his arms. He spoke English with her, and then addressed the officer on duty thus, "Your "whole republic cannot outweigh these tears!" The *Syndics*, as a punishment for such a contempt, ordered that he should lie a day longer in prison. Yesterday he was set at liberty, when he instantly left *Geneva*.

....

The Count *Moltke* and *Baggesen* are also now here: they have been some days in *Paris*, and intend to return to *Berne*. The wedding of *Baggesen* has not yet taken place, and he hastens to his bride. The Count speaks with enthusiasm about his journey, about *Paris*, *Lyons*, etc. but *Baggesen* is silent, for he vents all his fire in letters to his *Sophia*. This evening we took a walk

together,

together, and I shewed them the finest environs and prospects about *Geneva*. *Moltke* raised his hands at the sight of *Mont Blanc*, and assured us, amidst the loudest exclamations of admiration, that he wished to live and die on its snowy summit. "How is it possible," exclaimed he, "that none of the great ones of this world have "ever thought of forming a commodious road "to the top of this mountain, which would hand "down his name to after-ages?" You see that the Count is fond of gigantic ideas.

I have been to-day with my *Danish* friends to *Ferney*, where we saw every thing, and conversed about *Voltaire*. From thence we rode to dine at *Genthod*. *Bonnet* received us with his usual friendliness. I said to him, "now you are encircled "by the North," when we seated ourselves around him. "We are greatly indebted to the "North; it was there that a new light dawned "upon learning. I speak of England, which is "also a Northern country; and was *Linnæus* not "your neighbour?" We all were invited to sit down next to him by turns, and he spoke with every one on a different subject. He conversed with the Count upon the political relations of *Denmark*; he spoke with *Baggesen* about his bride; with *Becker* about chemistry and mineralogy,

ralogy; and with me about *Russian* literature, and the national character of the *Genevese*. Then the conversation became general,...the subject was *Haller*. With what warmth the *Great Bonnet* extolled the merits of the *Great Haller!* They loved each other for thirty years; tears of joy many times shone in the eyes of the venerable old man. He looked for the last letter of his deceased friend, and gave it *Baggesen* to read. These last lines of *Haller*, which he had written some days before his death, caused us all to weep. Some of the lines have remained in my memory: "Soon, soon, my dear and venerable friend, I "shall exist no more in this world. I turn my "views on my past life, and, with confidence in "the goodness of providence, I expect a tranquil "end. In this moment I thank heaven more "than ever, that I have been brought up in the "Christian religion, and that its wholesome "truths still live in my heart. I thank you "also for your invaluable friendship, which "sweetened my life, and nourished the love "of wisdom and virtue in my soul. Farewel, "my dear friend! May you continue to live "long, to extend the empire of virtue and information! In this moment my heart longs for "you, and I wish to embrace you for the last

"time—

"time—for the last time, to hear from your lips "the endearing name of friend; to express all "the gratitude,...all the feelings of my heart. "I leave children behind me: be you a second "father to them, a tutor, a protector, and a "friend! Farewel! Where and when we shall "meet again, I know not; but this I know, "that God is wise, good, and omnipotent; we "are immortal!...our friendship is immortal! "Soon shall the impenetrable veil be withdrawn, "...thanks to the Most High! Farewel! for the "last time! My hand becomes weak. For the "last time here below, I call myself your faithful, "tender, grateful, dying, yet immortal friend!" With such sentiments did this great man, my friends terminate his life! may our latter end be like his! *Bonnet* took *Baggesen* by the hand, and said with an affectionate voice: "you are going "to marry his grand-daugter; let me embrace "you!"

After this scene we were called to dinner. The hospitable host presented us to his wife, and said, pointing to *Baggesen*, "this is the lover of "the maid, to whom we are so much attached." At dinner *Baggesen* related how he became acquainted with *Saphia Haller*. I wished you had heard him! He expressed himself with difficulty

in

in the French; but the energy of his words, and the animation of his gestures, moved the soul. In his rapture he turned to *Bonnet*, but the amiable old man took him by the hand, and said, quite composed, "My dear friend, I am a Pythagorean, "and eat in silence." *Baggesen* felt embarrassed, and stopt short; but Madame *Bonnet* desired him to continue.

After dinner we took a walk. "In this bower," said *Bonnet*, "I wrote the preface to the *Palin-* "*genesie.* Here, on the banks of the lake, the "first chapter. There, in the shade of those "lofty trees, the conclusion of the *Contemplation.* "In the pure air my ideas are always more fresh "and lively."

The hours or minutes of reflection in which the soul, warmed by celestial fire, resigns itself to the rapid torrent of ideas and sentiments, he calls the happiest, sweetest, and most heavenly moments of his life.

The conversation turned on poetry. *Baggesen* declared, that he should write no more verses *, because this method of expression is not natural, and besides prevents sensibility from diffusing itself in all its fullness and freedom. "I am partly "of your opinion," said *Bonnet*, "and readily "confess

* Notwithstanding, he has lately published several songs.

"confess, that good prose pleases me far better "than poetry; but this may arise from my being "no poet." That man, who wrote at the conclu- "sion of the *Palingenesie*,...*Notre* PERE! ... *notre* "PERE!...*Nous*...is the greatest poet!" exclaimed *Baggesen*, and this sincere praise affected the feeling old man.

Bonnet calls *Haller*'s poem on the Origin of Evil the best of all philosophical didactic poems. He also praises *Pope*'s Essay on Man. He loves and esteems *Klopstock*, though he never saw him.

We stayed in *Genthod* till the evening.

February 2, 1790.

THE Abbe *N. almoner* of the French embassy, acted a long time a distinguished part in the fashionable parties of *Geneva*. He possessed a tolerable share of learning, and was acquainted with most of the French authors. He was at the same time witty, humorous, and entertaining. From six till eight o'clock, the time they commonly play at cards in *Geneva*, he was the soul of every female circle. He solved riddles, charades, and related entertaining and interesting Parisian anecdotes. "How amiable he is!" said the ladies, when seating themselves at the card-table. But, as every

thing

thing is subject to change, as well in the physical as in the moral world, the humorous, entertaining Abbé, was at once transformed into a melancholy and gloomy fellow. He continued indeed to visit the fashionable circles as constantly as formerly, but he acted parts very different from what he did before. The ladies endeavoured in vain to draw him into conversation; his answers were short, his smiles affected. "What has happened "to our Abbé?" was the general question. Nobody could guess. Some of his female friends attempted to penetrate into the cause, but all their efforts were fruitless. "For some time past you "are so sad, Abbé."..."I, Madam? It may be." "Your friends partake of your grief, though they "don't know the cause of it." "I have nothing to "discover to you"...Will you permit us to doubt "this." "As you please."...In short, the Abbé kept silence, and the ladies at length gave him up. Another Abbé, who came from *Paris*, filled his place.

About this time I became acquainted with him. He was a man of forty; but, to judge from his healthy and lively countenance, one should hardly take him to be five and thirty, in spite of his melancholy. His mien was gloomy and serious, and sparks of a fiery soul still beamed from his languid eyes. I met him several times in his

solitary walks, and found him also frequently beneath the chesnut-trees, on a rising ground, from whence might be observed, on the right hand, the snowy mountains of *Savoy*,—in front, the lake of Geneva,—and on the left hand, *Mount Jura*, reaching as far as *Basle*. Probably this spot was as much his favourite as mine. Musing and absorbed in thought, he fixed his sorrowful looks either on the fading verdure, or on the placid lake. Many a time I sat down beside him, and thought on my friends. We were both wrapt in profound thought, and kept silence.

The secretary of legation once awoke at three o'clock in the morning, and perceived a light in the room of the Abbé, into which a glass door opened from his. Curious to know what the Abbé could have to do so late, he rises and goes to the door, when he observes him on his knees before a crucifix. His arms were extended towards the object of his veneration; a cordial devotion was diffused over his face, tears gushed from his eyes. The young secretary had never been pious; but this sight excited in his soul a sense of the most profound respect:—he stood immoveable. After some minutes the Abbé rose, sat down, and began to write. The secretary went to bed

again,

again, but could not sleep, and saw light in the Abbé's chamber till morning. At nine o'clock, the latter went out of his room with red eyes, and a pale face, but in other respects, no uneasiness was to be observed. The secretary asked him, whether he had slept well? "Very "well," he replied, and proposed a walk. They go to *la Treille*, and walked above an hour, talking of indifferent matters. It was a holiday, and the Abbé had to say mass at ten o'clock. He did this with particular devotion. After mass he disappeared without saying a word. The hour of dinner arrived, and the Abbé had not yet returned; the hour of supper approached, but he was not yet at home.

The night passed, and still he did not come. In the morning the secretary reported it to the ambassador. They sent to his acquaintances, but nobody had seen him. At last they enquired at the gates; and then the centry, at the Swiss-gate, said he had gone out of town the day before, at one o'clock. They made a diligent search after him every where in the adjacent country; but obtained no farther information. He had left in his room all his things, even his money. "The Abbé is lost!" they said, in *Geneva*, and at length forgot him. He had no friends.—

 "he

he wanted that bliss, which was reserved for me.

Some time afterwards two foreigners went to take a walk on the banks of the *Rhone*, where the furious *Arve* joins its waves, and conversed on the life of man. "It hastens quickly,—quickly "away," said one of them; and, looking at the impetuous *Rhone*, beheld a floating corpse stopt by a large stone. The corpse was drawn out, and they now learned the unfortunate fate of the Abbé! The body had lain a fortnight in the water, and was only identified by the dress.

He was buried in the nearest French village, without any ceremony—no stone points out his grave—no inscription tells the traveller where the unfortunate man lies; and timid superstition flies this spot. "There lies a self-murderer!" say the rustics with horror. The reason why life became odious to the Abbé, is to this hour unknown.

Geneva, the 28th of February, 1790.

I DON'T know what to think of your silence, my dear friends. I expect impatiently the arrival of the post. It comes at last. I run! I ask...

and,

and fixing my eyes upon the ground, I return home with a slow pace. I represent every thing to myself, and the remotest possibility frightens me. Ah! if you are no more in this world, my connection with my country is broken; I shall seek a retreat in some desert region of the *Alps*, and pass my days in an eternal solitude, surrounded by gloomy and terrific scenes.

But perhaps you live, and are well. Your letters may, perhaps, be lost by accident. This is my hope and my consolation! Darkness and light, affliction and cheerfulness, change now like April weather, in my soul, and I have taken up the pen in the most sorrowful disposition. Now I am, however, better.

In three days I leave *Geneva*, my friends. My principal occupation consists now in studying the map, to sketch out the plan of my journey. I intend visiting the south of *France*, and the charming countries of *Languedoc* and *Provence*.—But I shall stay there only a short time. You had better send your letters to *Paris* with the direction, "*A Messieurs Breguet et Compagnie, etc.*" If any letter from you should come to *Geneva* after my departure, I have taken care that it be sent after me.

During my residence here, I have often been angry with the inhabitants of *Geneva*; and I intended some time to paint the national character of the Genevese in the darkest colours. But now, on going away, it is impossible for me to say any thing bad about them. My heart is reconciled with them, and I wish them every possible good:—may their little state bloom in the shade of the *Jura* and the *Salevenberg*!—may they enjoy the fruits of their industry, skill, and labour!—may they settle peaceably in their circles the affairs of Europe!—and may their ladies propound riddles to the *deaf Baron*!—may all the inhabitants of Europe, from the south and north, come within their walls to play whist, and take tea and coffee in their evening circles!—may, finally, their little republic long remain a pretty toy on the face of the earth!

....

To-day I went, rather sad, into the open air; but the melancholy images of my soul vanished by degrees. My looks flew across the majestic lake, and gently floated on its clear surface. I became so light, so well!—The air was so warm and pure!—the birds hopped from branch to branch, and warbled their joyful songs after the long silence of winter, for the first time on the

yet

yet leafless branches. The breath of spring awakened all nature around to life and activity.

I have also been with *Bonnet* for the last time, and have, on this occasion, candidly discovered to him my grief.

He pitied and consoled me; and his tone and looks shewed that he meant it sincerely. I have received from him the promised notes to the *Contemplation*. *Becker*, who to my great satisfaction travels with me, had charged me to ask *Bonnet* when it would be convenient for him to accept his visit of leave. "He is your friend," replied the worthy old man, "and therefore welcome "to me at any time."—What a heart!—How can I forget his friendly and engaging behaviour! I could not refrain from tears when I took leave of him. "May you live," said I to him, "may "you live long, for the benefit of mankind!"— He embraced me, wished me success—wished that you, my friends, might enjoy health, and that I might soon receive a letter from you. Good, amiable *Bonnet*!—tender-hearted philosopher!— I shut the door of his cabinet after me, but he followed me, crying, "*Adieu, cher K..., adieu!*" He has also given me two directions to M. *Gilibert*, the director, and M. *de la Touret*, the secretary of the academy of sciences, at *Lyons*.—

I have

I have spent the whole evening in walking, and taken leave of all my favourite places. I sat often till late at night on the high bank of the rapid *Rhone*, at the conflux of the *Arve*; where a foaming brook falls down from the steep rock; but to-day I have, for the last time, from thence viewed the fine pellucid lake; and the *Savoyard* mountains and vallies. I recollected what I had thought and felt there, and I had almost forgotten the time when the gates are shut at *Geneva*.—Farewel, my dear friends! If you are in health, I am contented with fate; and if I receive a letter from you, I shall forget all my grief!—Farewel!—this is the last line from *Geneva*!

In a village on the mountains in Pays de Gex.
March the 4th, 1790.

TO-DAY, after dinner, we left *Geneva*, in a two-seated English chaise, which I had hired to *Lyons* for four louis-d'ors. We approached on an excellent smooth road to *Mount Jura*. All my grief disappeared, and a placid cheerfulness, a sensation inexpressibly sweet, succeeded. I never yet travelled with such delight. An agreeable companion, a convenient carriage, an officious

driver—

driver—new objects—expectation of what I was going to see:—all this put me in the best mood, and every new object augmented my joy. *Becker* was as cheerful, and our coachman likewise!—A delightful journey!

There, where several thousand years ago *Mount Jura*, at some revolution of the earth, divided itself from its foundation, we crossed with a keen breeze from the north, the frontiers of *France*. The custom-house officers surrounded us; and, with great civility, informed us that they must search our things. I gave my fellow-traveller the key to my trunk, and went into the inn. At the chimney sat some *Montagnards*, or mountaineers, who measured me with a haughty glance; and then turned again to the fire. But, as I greeted them friendly—"*bon jour, mes amis!*" they pulled off their hats, and pushed together in order to admit me to the fire. Their grave look induced me to think, that people, living on sterile rocks amid the whistling storms, cannot possess a cheerful disposition. Gloomy sadness becomes always peculiar to them; for the soul of man resembles a mirror, on which surrounding objects are reflected.

This inn on the frontiers is a true picture of poverty. The steps before the house consist of two rough stones, laid upon each other in an irre-

gular

gular manner, which one can climb but with difficulty. In the room you observe, besides the bare walls, nothing but a large table and ten or twelve shapeless blocks, which they call chairs. The floor is of brick, but all over broken to pieces. After some minutes *Becker* came in, and began speaking *German* to me. An old man sitting at the table, and eating bread and cheese, listened, smiled, and said, "*German! German!*" in order to intimate to us, that he knew what language we spoke: "Don't be surprised," he continued, "I have been in several campaigns "in *Germany* and the *Low Countries* under the "gallant Marshal *Saxe*. You know probably "of the battle at *Fontenay*. I was there; I was "wounded on my left hand; see, I cannot lift it "higher than so far."—"Brave soldier," said I, advancing towards him, and seizing his right hand, "permit me to consider you."...The invalid smiled. "Is it long since you were "discharged, good old man?" asked *Becker*.... "Thirty years ago," replied he, "a pretty "long time, is it not, Sir? My general is long "since in the grave."..."We have seen his "tomb."..."His tomb!" "Where?" "In "*Strasburg*, my friend." "*Strasburg!*...that is "far from hence, I am not able to go so far, and

"yet

" yet I could earnestly wish to weep over his " ashes. He was a hero, gentlemen!...a ge-" neral, such as does not now exist, and per-" haps will not soon again. The soldiers loved " him as their father. Methinks I see him still " before me. What a look! what a voice! On " the day of our victory he was carried about in a " litter; a painful illness prevented him from rid-" ing. But, notwithstanding, he commanded and " exhorted the soldiers to courage, and we fought " like lions. I forgot my wound, and did not " fall till our whole army exclaimed with one " voice, Victory! Victory! and the enemy ran " away like as many frightened hares. What " a day! The old man held up his head, and " seemed twenty years younger. His wrinkles " vanished; his dim eyes sparkled, and the war-" rior of eighty was ready to march against the " combined powers of all *Europe*." I ordered wine, and drank to the health of *brave veterans*. He replied, smiling, " and to the success of *young* " *travellers*," and emptied his glass at one draught. He told us, that he lived with one of his grandsons on the mountains, and that he was now going to visit another. Meantime our carriage was ready. I had a mind to press an *ecu* into the hand of the old invalid, but fear of offending the

the noble pride of the old warrior prevented me. He accompanied us to the door, and exclaimed to the Customhouse-officers, " I hope, " gentlemen, you have been civil to these fo- " reigners!" " Yes! yes!" they replied, laughing, and wished us a happy journey, without even asking a *copec* of us.

We rode a long while amidst the rocks of *Mount Jura*, which rise on both sides of the road like walls; and, upon these terrible heights climbed above our heads on narrow footpaths men, either bending beneath heavy burdens, or driving loaded asses before them. One cannot behold them without terror, for you fear every moment to see them fall down. We were stopped at the first fortified place of *France* called *Fort de l'Ecluse*. This castle seems impregnable, as it is on all sides surrounded by immense ravines and steep rocks; one hundred men are sufficient to defend it against an army of ten thousand. The garrison consists of one hundred and fifty invalids under the command of an old major, who signed our passports. In the night we arrived at what they call *Perte du Rhone*. We stepped out, and intended to descend along the brink of the river, but the good-natured coachman would not allow us, as he assured us a single step would

cost

cost us our lives. Near the road we observed light; we proceeded towards it, and found a small house; we knocked at the door, and six or seven men made their appearance; as soon as they learned our intention, they instantly lighted lanterns, and conducted, or rather carried us down the steep declivity. By the glimmering of the lanterns we observed around us a horrible wilderness. The wind whistled across the impetuous river, and the whole was quite in *Ossian*'s taste. The *Rhone* is here compressed between two ridges of lofty rocks, and rushes with a dreadful boisterous roar through the narrow bed. At length these impending rocks meet, and the river is concealed beneath them; only the subterraneous noise of his waters is heard. Above this tunnel you may walk without any danger. Some fathoms further the river again rushes forth; it widens by degrees, and flows more smooth, and its waters become clearer.

We passed the night four wersts from hence in a small village, where we found a very good inn, and were conducted to a room not only neat, but handsomely furnished, in which a fire was instantly made. In about an hour's time we got a good supper, consisting of six or seven dishes besides a

 desert.

desert. Underneath us some *Montagnards* sung their simple ballads, which, together with the howling of the storm, disposed my soul to seriousness. The tunes of their songs resembled greatly the melodies of our popular songs, which affect me so much. " Sing on, my friends!" exclaimed I, in a kind of ecstasy: " sing, and " sweeten by pleasing harmony the bitterness of " life! For even you are not free from care, " which the poorest never escapes in whatever " mountains or caverns he may conceal him- " self. Even in your deserts, the friend de- " plores the loss of his friend, the lover that " of his beloved!"...I was here told the following story:

All the maids of the village had an eye on the amiable *Jean*, and every youth viewed *Lisetta* with delight. From their earliest childhood *Jean* loved *Lisetta*, and *Lisetta* returned his love. The parents endeavoured to maintain this reciprocal inclination, and the happy loving pair entertained the hope of being soon joined for ever. One day they were taking a walk with some others. They came to the brink of a dreadful precipice. *Jean* took *Lisetta* by the hand, and said, " Come " away. It is tremendous!" " Coward!" replied she, smiling, " are you not ashamed of yourself?

" The

"The ground is solid. I have a mind to look "down there." With these words she got loose from him, and approached the abyss. At this moment the stones rolled from under her feet. She shrieked, and endeavoured to save herself; but in vain:—the mountain quaked—a part of it tumbled down, and the unfortunate fair one was swallowed up in the abyss. *Jean* would have followed her, but his feet refused their duty; he fell senseless on the ground. His comrades were seized with fear, and cried, *Jean! Jean!* but *Jean* returned no answer. They shook him, but he did not stir. They laid their hands on his heart—but it beat no more. *Jean* was dead. *Lisetta* was drawn out from the gulph: she was so much crushed that her features could not be recognised. *Jean*'s father went into a monastery, and *Lisetta*'s mother died of grief.

....

March 6, 1790.

This morning at five o'clock we left our night's quarters. A terrible storm threatened to overturn our carriage; and on all sides gulphs surrounded us, into which it was impossible to look without horror. Every one of these called to my memory *Jean* and *Lisetta*. Notwithstanding this, the sight of their depths afforded me an

inexpressible pleasure, which perhaps might be ascribed to the particular disposition of my soul. The sides of these abysses are all over beset with sharp rocks, and at the bottom is often observed a beautiful green spot, watered by cataracts. The adventurous mountain-goat scrambles down, and feeds on the grass. On some lofty rocks are observed, overgrown with moss, ruins of ancient castles, once impregnable. Here, in her mossy garb, sits in silence the goddess of melancholy, brooding over the ruins, and looking stedfastly on the torrent of ages which, one after another, hastens into the sea of eternity, and scarcely leaves one trace behind on our globe. Such thoughts and images filled my soul, and I sat for an hour immersed in contemplation without saying one word to my fellow-traveller!

The roads in these wild countries are so broad, that two coaches may with convenience pass each other. In order to open this road whole mountains were levelled; you may therefore imagine what labour, and how many millions it has cost! Thus does industry and the political improvement of a nation triumph over nature, and rocks sink into dust under the almighty hand of man, who seeks, across abysses and mountains, beings like

himself, in order to call out to them with a proud smile...I too exist in the world.

At last I felt too much confined in the carriage. I stepped out, and walked on a good way before on foot. In the wood I met with four young ladies in green riding dresses, and black hats. All four had flaxen hair, and were very handsome. I stopped, and contemplated their unexpected appearance with amazement. They also viewed me, and one of them said at last, with a wanton smile, "Take care, Sir, the "wind does not take off your hat." Upon these words I recovered myself, and pulling off my hat, made a deep bow to them. They laughed, and proceeded. They were English ladies. A four-seated carriage followed them. Besides them, we met but few travellers.

Yesterday we descended into a great plain.... I felt a certain pleasure. My eyes had for a long while seen nothing but chains of mountains; therefore the sight of a level country was in some respects new. I recollected *Russia*, my beloved home, and it seemed to me as if I was nearer it. Thus lies our field, thought I, following the delusion of my enthusiam,...thus lies our field, when the vernal sun strips it of its snowy dress and clothes it with the green corn, the

hope of the approaching season. The evening was very beautiful. ... The mountain storms ceased, and the rays of the setting sun shed an agreeable warmth. But at once the thought occurred to my mind, that you, my friends, are perhaps no more in this world; and then all my delicious reveries disappeared. I wished myself back again to the mountains, to hear the howling of the storm.

We have always found in the most desert mountainous countries, and the most miserable villages good inns, in which one may depend on finding a table sufficiently covered, and a clean room, with a good fire. Two things have particularly struck me in these French inns; the first is, they never give soup at night, according to the proverb; *On soupe sans soupe;* and the second, they lay at every cover only a spoon and fork, as they always suppose every traveller has a knife with him. No where have I read such obscenities on the walls as in these inns. "Why don't you blot out these abo- "minable things?" I once asked a landlady. "I have never had any time yet to observe "them," she replied; "Who would read such "nonsense?"

In a small village we saw a great mob: I asked, "what was the matter?" A young woman

man replied, "our neighbour *Andres*, the land-
"lord of the Cross, had yesterday, when drunk,
"declared to *the whole world, that he did not care*
"*a farthing about the nation.* Our patriots were
"offended at this, and resolved to hang him.
"But at last they took pity on him, and made
"him sleep himself sober. To-day they have
"compelled him to kneel in the Church, and to
"beg pardon for this blasphemy. I am sorry for
poor *Andres!*

Lyons, March the ninth.

WE were eight miles distant from *Lyons* when we observed it. The *Rhone*, along which the road again runs, conducted us like a guide to this considerable town of *France*. The river is very broad here. At a distance *Lyons* seems not so large as it really is. Only five or six steeples project above the dark mass of houses.

The villages on the road side are very well built. When we advanced nearer, we beheld the *Quay*, which is lined with the most magnificent buildings, five and six stories high;—an admirable sight! We stopped at the gate. The custom-house officer asked us very civilly, whether we

we had any wares with us? When we answered in the negative, he looked in our coach box, made a bow, and went away without even touching our trunks. We rode along the quay, and I recollected *Petersburg*. A long wooden bridge here crosses the *Rhone*, on the opposite banks of which handsome summer-houses and gardens are observed. We also passed by the theatre—a large building—and put up at the *Hotel de Milan*. Four men instantly hastened to carry our things into the house, and in a few minutes they had done it, even before we were shewn a room. The landlady met us with such a smile, as I never saw in *Germany* nor in *Switzerland*. Unfortunately, all the rooms were occupied excepting a very dark one. The friendly landlady assured us, however, that we should get a very good one the next day; "very well then, that will do!" was our reply. We shifted clothes in a hurry, in order to go to the play. Mean time the waiter, who put our room to rights, told us, probably to enhance its value in our eyes, that the room had lately been inhabited by a beautiful black-eyed girl from *Constantinople*.

At five o'clock we went to the play, and took tickets for the pit. Boxes, parquet, gallery, all was full, for *Vestris*, the celebrated dancer, entertains

tertains for the last time, the public of *Lyons* by the nimbleness of his feet. All around us there was a humming noise, like that of bees. These strange sallies of liberty set me in astonishment. If a lady rose in the parquet, or in a box, "*a bas!* "*a bas!*" resounded from a hundred mouths in the pit! Around us we saw but very few well-dressed people. I persuaded *Becker* therefore to go to the parquet; but we were told, that all was occupied there; and a young man conducted us into a box in the third row, where we found a lady, and our acquaintance the Baron *Baelwitz*, tutor to the princes of *Schwarzburg*, who had just arrived, and likewise put up at the *Hotel de Milan*.

The lady offered me the seat beside her; but, fearful I might incommode her, I went into another box, quite above the stage. The curtain was drawn, and *Les Plaideurs* was performed. I scarcely heard half of it; and in fact I could not be attentive, as I was every moment disturbed by people, who incessantly came into the box, or went out of it. The curtain had scarcely dropt, before actors, and actresses, dancers, male and female,—the former even in *negligée*, made their appearance from all sides on the stage. Some embraced and danced, others laughed, and several

cried

cried out, " A new play!" *Vestris*, in shepherd's dress, sprang about like a wanton buck. The music at last began anew. The heroes of the theatre disappeared—the curtain flew up—and the ballet began—*Vestris* made his appearance;—and from all the corners of the house a thundering applause resounded. It must be confessed, that the art of this dancer is admirable. He seems, in spite of all the theories of physiology, to have his soul in his feet. What a figure! what agility! what equilibrium! I never believed a dancer could have afforded me so much pleasure! But every art, brought to a certain height of perfection, excites a pleasing sensation in the soul! The plaudit of the delighted Frenchmen drowned the music. In the attitude of a passionate lover, discovering his heart in dumb sighs to his beloved, *Vestris* withdrew himself from the eyes of the audience. He kissed for the last time his shepherdess, and threw himself on a bench to rest.

A trifling farce in one act was then performed. At last, a ballet concluded the whole. *Vestris* danced again, and every motion of his feet was applauded. Meantime two strangers, in travelling dresses, had seated themselves by me. One of them turned to me and said, " In the next box " there is a Russian." I looked about me, and replied,

plied to him "the one was a German, and the "other a Dane."

Fr. I have at least the honour to speak with a Russian?

I Yes! I am a Russian.

Fr. Yet it is not possible. You are surely a Frenchman!

I. I assure you I am a Russian.

Fr. Oh! in *Russia* they live merrily. Do they not?

I. Very merrily.

Fr. Have you been long in *Lyons?*

I. Above three hours.

Fr. Whence do you come?

I. From *Geneva.*

Fr. Ah! an excellent town. What do they say there about *Necker?*

I. In general, they praise him.

Fr. Which way are you travelling?

I. To *Paris.* "To *Paris!*" interrupted the other. Oh, bravo! bravo! We come just from thence. That is a city! Ah, Sir! what amusement awaits you there!—amusements of which one in *Lyons* can have no idea. You have, no doubt, put up at the *Hotel de Milan?* We lodge there also. (To his fellow-traveller) *Mon ami, nous partons demain.*

The

The former. Oui!

The latter. 'Tis true—it costs money.

The former. What are you talking of now? The Russians are all as rich as *Crœsus*. Certainly they do not go to *Paris* without a good heavy purse.

The latter. As if I did not know that. In fact, one may live for a trifle very agreeably, and every day be at the theatre and the *Thuilleries*.

The former. Five or Six thousand livres a month may suffice. Oh! it has cost me more.

The latter. Bravo! *Vestris*, bravo!

The former. Exellent! It is a pity he is such a blockhead! I know him very intimately—It is said, Count *Mirabeau* has had an affair of honour.

The latter. Yes, with the Marquis.

The former. Why?

The latter. The Marquis had offended him in the National Assembly. *Paris* (while turning to me) *Paris* will undoubtedly please you. You may spend there as much as you please. My companion has been rather extravagant. Did not your *Lisette* cost you a good deal?

The former. Ah!

I. From what country are you, if I may ask?

The latter. We are from *Languedoc*, have lived

long

long in *Paris*, and are now on our return to *Montpelier*.

The former. Bravo, bravo, *Vestris*! He is the first dancer in the world. (After a pause, in which he seemed musing, he added with a sigh) When I die, I can at least say,—I have seen every thing.

The latter. Seen every thing, and *tried* every thing, you may add.

The former. *Mais Oui, Oui!*—that is true. You know probably the Russian Count, who has passed this winter in *Montpellier*?

I. The Count B.? Only by name.

The former. He has dined at my country seat. An excellent man.!

The latter. You speak really very good French.

I. I beg your pardon.—I know I speak very bad.

The former. You speak, indeed, quite well.

I. You are very kind.

The former. A black suit is the best dress for a foreigner in *Paris*.

The latter. Yes, black silk.—Are the Russian ladies handsome?

I. Exceedingly so!

The former. O! with regard to that nobody knows better than I. I have had German, Italian, Spanish, Turkish, and ladies of all nations.

The latter. Yes! Yes! that's true! ha, ha, ha, ha!

The former. Did you come by sea?

I. I beg your pardon.

The former. By land then? But how is that Russian city called from which you may go to *England?*

I. You speak probably of *Petersburg?*

The former. Yes! Yes!—it is a pity only that it is so cold in your country; the coachman's beards freeze there. Bravo, bravo, *Vestris!*

Mean time *Becker* entered the box, and began speaking German to me.

The former—addressed him instantly. You are a German?

Becker. I beg your pardon. I am from *Copenhagen.*

The former. Ah! but your language is very like German; for you said, "*Ja mein Herr*" Whither are you going?

Becker. To *Paris.* We go together (pointing to me).

The former. Bravo. *Tant mieux!*

The ballet was now concluded—and the curtain dropt. The parquet, the boxes, and pit,—all cried with one voice, "Stay here, *Vestris!* stay here!"—*Vestris* appeared. What a modest mien! what gentleness in his whole exterior! what low bows!

bows!—He kept his hat at his heart. I was obliged to stop my ears, in order not to become deaf with the clapping of hands. He stood still—and all was silent at once—not a breath was heard. *Vestris* spoke: "I have only leave of absence from *Paris* "for a month—the month is elapsed, and I ought "to set off to-day; however," here he was so moved that he seemed unable to proceed. He lifted up his eyes as if he would gather strength. A thundering applause! but all was at once still again. *Vestris* continued, "as a mark of the "gratitude I feel for the favor you have honored me with, I shall dance again to-morrow."—A cry of *bravo* joined the thundering plaudits, and the enthusiasm seemed so great, that the light-headed Frenchmen would not in this moment, have hesitated to proclaim *Vestris* their dictator.

The civil gentlemen, with whom I had so *interesting* a conversation, wished me a good journey, and promised to visit me within a month in *Paris*.—When we came home, we seated ourselves at a blazing fire, and talked with a kind of rapture of *French politeness*.

The next day we got two large light rooms, with windows looking to the square of *Terreaux*, before the town-house, where a great many peo-

ple are always walking; and where apples, oranges, and other trifles are sold. When we had dressed, we walked out to view the town.

The streets, excepting three or four, are in general narrow. On the quay at the *Saone*, there are excellent buildings. The water of this river is as green as that of the *Rhone*, but still more muddy. Women plying with boats, cried continually to us: "Don't you chuse to cross the "river?" though there are bridges enough and close to each other. The largest and best part of the town is situated between both rivers. Near to the *Saone* rises a lofty mountain, on the top of which a monastery and some houses are built. From hence you have a view of the whole town. The snowy mountains of *Savoy*, among which our *Genevese* acquaintance, *Mont-blanc*, is distinguished in clear weather, rise like an amphitheatre, together with the chains of hills in *Dauphiné*, and bound the horizon. The verdant plains on the other side of the *Rhone*—where Spring already begins—likewise present a charming picture. Through these the road leads to *Languedoc* and *Provence*; those blooming and happy provinces, where, in Summer, the air is filled with fragrant odours, and where the flowers of May already bloom :—

In the midst of a large place encompassed with thick avenues, around which the finest buildings stand, is the statue of *Lewis the Fourteenth*, in bronze, on a marble pedestal. This monument is as magnificent as ours of *Peter the Great*, though the deeds and spirit of both these princes bear so little resemblance to each other. *Lewis the Fourteenth* became renowned on account of his subjects, but *Peter* rendered his people renowned. —The former only encouraged the light of science in part, but the other, like the beaming God of day, appeared on the horizon of man, and dispelled the darkness around him....By the command of *Lewis*, thousands of industrious and skilful Frenchmen were compelled to leave their country, and *Peter* drew enlightened and able foreigners into his. I esteem the former as a powerful king, and I revere the other as a great man, as a demi-god, as the benefactor of mankind, as my own benefactor. On this occasion I must observe, that to place the statue of *Peter the Great* on a rough granite-rock, was an excellent idea...for this stone represents Russia such as this great artist found it. The short, energetic, and expressive inscription pleases me no less: To *Peter the First*, *Catharine the Second*....I have not read the words on the monument of *Lewis*.

We returned home at one o'clock, where we found already more than thirty persons at table. Every one took what he pleased, and he fared best before whom a good dish stood. However the table was richly provided.

I went after dinner to *Matthison*, a German poet, for whom I had a letter. He is tutor to the children of a banker. " Ah! you speak " German, you love German literature, you " esteem German honesty." With these words he embraced me. However I was more glad at becoming acquainted with him than he with me. Perhaps his acquaintance would not have been so agreeable to me in Germany as it was in France, where I look for no sincerity, no sympathetic heart...merely because I do not expect to find any. He brought with interesting haste, some songs out of his desk, which he had lately written, and read them to me. I listened with undissembled satisfaction. Tender softness, lively feelings, and pure language, are the beauties of his songs. All at once he stopped, looked at me, and said with a smile: " Have not I been in too " great a hurry, to present my muse to you? " Ah! the poor creature has hitherto met with " no acquaintance at all in *Lyons!*"...I pressed his hand, and assured him that I loved his muse

with

with all my heart....I left him to go to the play. The *Dévin du Village*, of *Rousseau*, was performed. I heard, with the greatest satisfaction, the music of this excellent opera. The ladies of *Paris* were right, when they said the author of that opera had certainly a great deal of sensibility....I represented him to myself sitting, unshaved and uncombed, in a box of the theatre of *Fontainbleau*, at the first performance of this opera, and endeavouring to hide himself from the looks of the delighted public....The art of *Vestris*, in the ballet, excited a new admiration. The curtain had hardly dropped, before they cried out from all sides: *Vestris! Vestris!*...The curtain was again drawn up...and the fatigued dancer appeared amidst the loudest acclamations, with the same modest mien, and with the same humble bows, as the day before. He looked as if he awaited his doom, though the judgment of the public resounded from every corner of the theatre....A moment after, the most profound silence prevailed....*Vestris* stood immoveable and was silent. ...The voice of impatience sounded...the public forgot that the dancer was no speaker, and expected a *speech*...a mistake very pardonable to Frenchmen! In this moment they were ready to hiss the idolized *Vestris*....However, all at

once,

once, every thing became quiet again. *Vestris* recollected himself and said: *Messieurs, je suis penetré de vos bontés...mon devoir m'appelle à Paris.* ...This was enough for Frenchmen. Applause and *bravo* followed him.—*Vestris* is perfectly satisfied with *Lyons*. His art has received here praise and reward....I have seen him several times in the street. "That's *Vestris!*" exclaimed they, pointing at him. Thus agility of feet is revered as the most sublime virtue!...His remuneration in money is not less considerable, for he has received five hundred and twenty livres for every performance....This evening all the players sup with him (he lodges also at the *Hotel de Milan*) and the company is so noisy that I have given up all hopes of sleep.

....

This morning *Matthison* conducted us to a statuary, who had perfected himself in Italy, from the antiques. He received us very kindly, and shewed us a very beautiful statue. A lively imagination is as necessary to the painter and statuary as to the poet. The artist of *Lyons* is possessed of this. He works at present at a statue, which a young husband has ordered for his wife, the mother of a lovely boy. The artist has made a fine figure of a boy sleeping the soft slumber of innocence,

innocence, under the protection of *Minerva.* Beneath is observed the image of *Ulysses.* "At "present," said the artist sighing, "I work but "little, for I must often mount guard as the "other citizens do. The sight of the unfinished "work makes me very sorry. Ah! gentlemen, "you cannot imagine the grief of an artist, who "is taken away from his work."...We then went to the *hospital*, a large building on the bank of the *Rhone.* In the first room to which we were conducted, there were above two hundred beds in several rows....What a spectacle! my heart trembled....On the face of one was depicted the highest degree of mental languor and corporeal debility; on another, the struggle between life and death....Here you may collect traits for a picture of suffering humanity, and heap shades upon shades. But what an occupation! Who could bear all the horror attending it? We discovered, amid pictures of sickness and death, also the placid joy for the return of health. Pale children were playing with flowers...a sense of the beauties of nature was again excited in their hearts. An old man, who had but just left the sick bed, lifted up his eyes towards heaven, then looked at himself, and lifted them up again. "Shall I then return to life?" said his cheerful look...."Shall I once more en-

"joy life?" seemed to say the exulting mien of a man and a youth. What a mixture of sensations! How was my breast able to contain them! ...We went from one ward to another. Each contains those afflicted with a particular disease, and every where extraordinary cleanliness prevails and fresh air circulates freely. Care of the sick deserves the praise of every friend of mankind, but where could it be praised with a more lively satisfaction than here?...Compassion! pity! sacred virtues! ...The *sisters of mercy* or charity serve in this house of misery, and their only reward is the pleasure of doing good. While some of them are praying on their knees, others give the sick medicine and nourishment. Many of these virtuous nuns are still very young, and from every face beams forth the greatest mildness. In the midst of every ward stands an altar, where mass is daily said.— "What is this?" asked I of our conductor, when we arrived at a small chapel in a corner of the yard ..."Only look," replied he...and my eye rested on four coffins covered with black cloth... "Every day," continued he, "several die here. "To-day, thank God! no more than four have "died. Towards the evening they will be buried."...I turned away shuddering from this gloomy mansion of death...."Now I shall con-

"duct

"duct you to the church," said our guide. In a large hall, at several fires, large caldrons were boiling, and whole bullocks and calves were lying there. "Will all this be consumed "to-day?" I asked. "A thousand sick," answered he, "eat at least as much as five hundred "in health. Besides there are a great many "physicians and clergymen. That is their din-"ing-room."—We entered a large apartment full of tables. Though it was not meal time, some of the reverend clergymen had assembled to breakfast, and filled their weak stomachs with meat and *petits patis*....I asked on leaving the dining-room, "Have we now seen all?"..."Look "only this way," replied our guide, "behind "this iron gate are the mad people."...One of these unhappy beings was sitting on the gallery at a small table, and had paper, pen and ink. Immersed in profound thoughts, he leaned his elbow on the table...."That is a philosopher," said our conductor, smiling, "paper and ink are "dearer to him than bread."..."But what does "he write?"..."God knows! probably non-"sense; but why should he be deprived of so "harmless a pleasure?"...You are right, answered I, sighing. We then returned home to dinner.

Lyons.

Lyons.

TO-DAY, after dinner, I visited the Carthusian church. I enquired very particularly of our guide about the rigorous life of the monks of this order. They dare not leave the monastery, must avoid conversation with men, and observe a continual silence. They spend their time in reading or working in the garden, or they sit with folded hands impatiently waiting for their repast, which is their only terrestrial pleasure. At five o'clock in the afternoon they go to sleep...and at nine o'clock they rise again. Two hours afterwards they go to bed, in order to leave it again in a few hours. A dreadful manner of life! The founder of this order had very little knowledge of the moral nature of man, which is designed for action, without which neither tranquillity nor enjoyment is possible. Solitude is then only pleasing when it is a recreation. But perpetual solitude is the road to moral inanition. At first our soul revolts against this state, so contrary to nature. The sense of its *insufficiency*... for man is only a *part*, he makes one *whole* when united with other moral beings like himself, and with nature...the sense of its *insufficiency* torments it. At length, all noble incitements in our heart

slumber,

slumber, and we sink from the first rank of earthly creation to a level with the brutes.

I stood in the middle of the church, looking on the numerous altars, which are loaded with gold and silver. It began to grow dark; all was still around me...at once the door opened...the sad silent fraternity appeared in their white habits. With looks fixed on the ground, they crept slowly one after another to the principal altar, and, in going by a bell hanging in the church, rung it with their enfeebled hands. The melancholy sound echoed through the gloomy vaults, and the thought of death pressed itself on my soul. I left the Temple, and beheld the setting sun—a spectacle which again consoled me.

....

I AM a friend to antiquities, and fond of seeking the traces of past ages. I therefore left town to-day in order to view the monuments of the proud Romans, the *ruins of the celebrated aqueduct.* The conduit consisted of a thick wall, several yards high, with arches constructed with small stones, bedded in mortar. This wall is so astonishingly solid, that it is impossible to destroy it in any manner. The Romans, desirous of living in the memory of after-ages, erected buildings that defied all-destroying time. We think otherwise

in the present philosophical age. We calculate the number of our days, and the term of these is the extremity of our wishes and undertakings. Farther our views do not extend; and nobody plants an oak if he do not entertain the hope of reposing beneath its shade. Our ancestors would shake their heads, if they knew our *wise* mode of reasoning; and we laugh at their enthusiasm and extraordinary love of glory.

I afterwards visited the *Roman baths*, at present belonging to a nunnery. While going along the wall of the cloisters and cells, I was nearly suffocated by the mephitic air which I there breathed. A pretty veneration for antiquity! Instead of strewing the road with flowers, the devout sisters throw out every kind of nuisance from their windows. Thus the *enlightened French* need not reproach the *Asiatic* barbarians, who have transformed the magnificent temples of antiquity into stables for cattle!...The building is not large, and consists of corridors lighted from above, by windows in the vault.. "This then," thought I, "was the scene of Roman extravagance! perhaps, here a Roman beauty once refreshed her "charms in the crystalline spring surrounded by "a host of slaves, while a handsome youth, fet- "tered by her charms, penetrated in his fancy

"through

" through the walls, and wished himself in the " place of the genius of the fountain, which " played around the charming limbs of his god-" dess." I recollected the fable of *Alpheus* and *Arethusa*....I also began praising the delicacy of the mythological fictions: however, I was soon silent again, for my conductor, the gardener of the cloister, seemed to pay little attention to my declamation....At length a description of *Roman* effeminacy occurred to me; where it related, that the wealthy, when they return home from the bath, had always a multitude of slaves before them, who called out at every little stone lying in the way: Take care: that the proud *Roman*, whose eyes were always fixed on the clouds, might not stumble and fall! " What is that?" I asked the gardener, observing in the corridors a great many tubs, pots, baskets, &c. &c. &c.... " That's my cellar," replied he, " and I am " very glad that curiosity allures all travellers " hither." I stayed with pleasure some time longer in the cloister-garden, and listened to the tales of the talkative gardener, who told me many stories about his nuns. " The old " ones," said he, among other things, " are " quarrelsome, rude, and tiresome. They meet " together in their cells and chatter about...

 " politics!

"politics! The young ones, on the contrary, "are melancholy, fond of walking in shady ave-"nues, and gazing at the moon...sigh from the "bottom of their hearts." At last I went into a small subterraneous church, in which the ancient Christians hid themselves from their persecutors, and poured forth their hearts in ardent prayers to God. But even there they were found, and the blood of these unhappy beings flowed on the ground of the Temple. The spot where their bones lay is still shewn. Many females were kneeling in this gloomy church, and praying. Some of them shed tears, others beat their breasts in pious rapture, and with their pale mouths touched the cold ground.

Immersed in thought, I went into the street. Noisy mirth resounded around me. Dancers leaped, musicians played or sung, and the mob shewed their satisfaction with these artists, by loud plaudits. It seemed to me as if I entered another world. The clock struck six....I went to the theatre, which was already full. Fortune conducted me into a box beside two young ladies. A new tragedy, *Charles the Ninth*, by *Chenier*, was performed. The weak *Charles*, governed by his fanatic mother and the wicked prelate, consents to the effusion of the blood of his subjects, because

because they are *not Catholics*. This is really shocking. But every thing which excites horror, cannot be treated dramatically. That great secret of the tragedy, which *Shakspear* found in the human heart, will always remain a mystery to *French* dramatic writers. *Charles the Ninth* is as cold as ice. The author has had an eye to the recent events in his own country, and every word relating to them was applauded. But, when these peculiar allusions are taken away, the piece must appear tedious to every one, even to a *Frenchman*. There is, as usual, nothing but declamation in it; *action* is entirely forgotten. The *tirades* are prodigiously long and plentifully interlarded with hackneyed expressions. One actor speaks without ceasing, while the others know not what to do for pastime. Only that scene has made an impression on me, where the scandalous prelate pronounces his benediction on the fanatics, who throw themselves down upon their knees. They swear, amidst the clashing of swords, to extirpate heretics.—The greatest part of the action is related; therefore it makes so little impression. Only the virtuous *Coligny* dies on the stage, and the unfortunate *Charles* remains alone, and with violent vehement emotion, throws himself down on the earth; then starts up again. He beholds, in his

 fancy,

fancy, the murdered *Coligny*, as *Sinaw* views the killed *Truwor**. His strength leaves him—but mean time, he delivers a pathetic speech of some hundred verses. *C'est terrible!* exclaimed the ladies, sitting beside me.

After the play *Matthison* visited us, and stayed till about twelve o'clock. He read some letters from *Wieland* to Madame *La Roche*, in which the good and tender soul of the old bard is conspicuous. *Matthison* is a friend of the author of Mademoiselle *Von Sternheim*. She communicates to him her correspondence.—Three hours passed like as many minutes. *B.* told us several interesting anecdotes about his journey on foot, of which I must impart to you one.—One evening he came to a little village in a wood, and desired a night's lodging at the first house. The mistress opened the door to him; but, as she beheld his hanger and the large dog, she turned pale with fear. *B.* thought she was only afraid of the dog; and assured her that his *Hercules* was as quiet as a lamb; and never did harm to any living creature. He is not, continued he, that terrible *Hercules* who killed the *Nemean* lion and the *Lernean* hydra, but rather resembles the

unarmed

* In the *Russian* tragedy of *Sinaw and Truwor.*

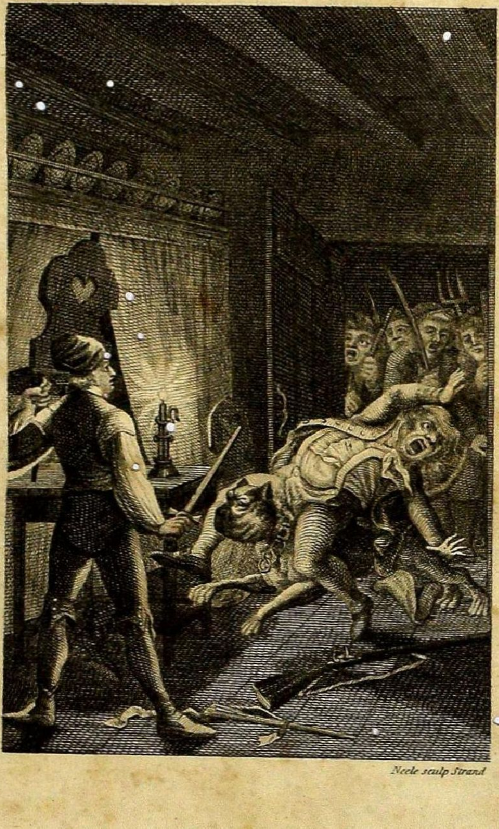
unarmed and gentle adorer of the fair, whose club the cupids at the court of the *Lydian* queen used as a hobby-horse, and upon whose cheek played the slipper of *Omphale*. As the fear of the woman did not cease, *B*. believed it was owing to her ignorance of mythology: he went, therefore, to the table and took off his hat, bundle, and hanger, sat down on a bench, and, stroking his *Hercules*, desired the hostess to dress some supper for him. "We are poor people," answered she, "we have nothing!"—"You will "at least find a fowl or a duck?"—"Ah! no!" —"Well then, give me milk?"—"We have "none!"—"Or cheese?"—"We have no "cheese!"...."Well then I must be contented "with dry bread!"..."Neither have we any "bread!" *B*. rose, *Hercules* began barking, and the hostess ran screaming away. You may easily imagine, how eagerly he wished for a meal after having walked on foot several miles; and you will, therefore, forgive him, that he rose from the chair not exactly with the most friendly mien, when he found they would let him starve. The hostess had now run away...what should he do? ...he went up and down the room, and at last observed a piece of hard black bread in a corner. He took it, began eating, and shared some mor-

sels

sels with the faithful *Hercules*, who by signs signified, that he was as hungry as his master.

After some minutes, a tall man in a black waistcoat entered the room. He looked now at *B.* now at the dog, and then on the hanger, ...turned pale, and hastened away. What can all this mean? thought *B.* and looked first at his dog and then at his hanger, without discovering any thing dreadful in them. He waited in vain for the return of his hostess. At last he lost patience, and went out before the house; but all was quiet and dark without; he saw nothing but a light in two or three houses, and heard nothing but the rustling of the distant forest. *B.* returned into the house, laid himself down in the bed of his hostess, drew his night-cap over his ears, and fell asleep. But he had not lain long, before the barking of his dog awakened him again; he listened, and heard several voices without. "I "won't go in first," said one; "nor I," said the other; "go you first," a third; "you have got a "gun, you may pop him down at a distance," whispered the fourth....*B.* is not a coward; but, as he found they intended to shoot him, and none else, he sprang up terrified, ran to the table, where the candle was still burning, drew his hanger, and held it in the right hand, while he seized

with



Neele sculp Strand

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with the left a wooden chair, instead of a shield Thus armed, he called out with a strong and terrible voice, "Who is there? who is there? "answer!" All remained silent. Our hero repeated his questions. A whispering arose at the door, and *Hercules*, who lost patience, approached the door, and opened it with his paw. What a sight to my friend! Six or seven peasants with guns, swords, and clubs, stood ready for the attack. The dog rushed, barking, between the legs of the first, got the poor fellow on his back, who cried out lustily, "Help! help! murder! murder! friends! save, oh save your *bailiff!*" But his friends and helpmates stood motionless, calling out also, "Help! blood and murder!" When *B.* observed that the foes were none of the bravest, and of course were not very dangerous, he plucked up his spirits, advanced towards them, and demanded who they were? whether robbers, rogues, or madmen? Nobody replied,...all cried incessantly: Murder! murder! Meantime *Hercules* grew tired of being the Rosinante of the bailiff, threw him off, and rushed barking among the other peasants, who ran off terrified on all sides. The commander of the village, meanwhile, lay quite still on the ground, and did not stir, because he thought himself dead. But

B. stepped

B. stepped to him, lifted him up, placed him on his feet, and, shaking him by the collar, asked, "If you really have your senses, tell me, why "have you appeared thus in arms, and with "what intent did you come?" At length the poor bailiff replied with a faultering voice, "that they took him to be the famous rob-"ber of the country, who always went about "the country with a hanger and a dog, and for "whose apprehension a reward of one hundred "dollars had been offered." My friend endeavoured to convince him of the contrary, shewed him his passport, and spoke so gently and kind to him, that the poor *Don Quixotte* at last ceased trembling; and, after having vented his anguish in a sigh, threw his arms about the neck of *B.* and leaping for joy, exclaimed, "God be thanked! "God be thanked! that you are not the robber, "but an honest man! God be thanked, that we "did not shoot you! God be praised that I felt "an unusual fear, when I was going to fire at "you! Now we will set off, dear doctor; you "are my guest! We will make merry now, "though it be night. Come, Sir! I beg you. "I have ducks and fowls, and every thing you "please." He now lighted his lantern, took *B*'s bundle, and with permission hung the hanger

over

over his shoulders, put on his hat, and marched haughtily before, while he lighted *B.* who meanwhile rejoiced at nothing so much as the promised supper; for the piece of dry bread which he found in the corner did not suffice to satisfy his hunger. *Hercules*, after having dispersed all his foes, repaired again to his master and joined the procession, and replied, with his firm voice, to the barking of the dogs of the village. When the dispersed peasants observed their bailiff proceeding in triumph, with the hanger by his side, they plucked up spirits again, and approached. The bailiff told them now, with a loud voice, "the "stranger was not a robber, but a very learned "doctor, who travelled *incognito*." The wife and two daughters of the bailiff ran cheerfully towards him, and nearly wept for joy, that their husband and father had so fortunately ended his dangerous adventure. *B.* could not too much praise the hospitality and the good supper of the bailiff, who kindly sat down beside him, and asked him about the curiosities which he had seen on his travels in the North and South, or told anecdotes about the robber, who lived for more than two years in the wood, and always carried a hanger, and had a dog behind him,... how he robbed travellers, and struck terror into

the

the whole village; "Only I don't fear him," continued he, "after having drank some glasses
"-brandy. Oh! if he only should fall into n
"hands! Upon my word, Sir! I assure you, o
"family is celebrated for their courage. M
"grandfather was the terror of all robbers, ar
"fifty years bailiff in the village; and my fath
"never went into the wood, without bringi
"back with him the skin of a bear. With r
"gard to me I shall not praise myself, or bo
"of my own deeds; but I may say, without blus
"ing, I am not afraid of going alone through t
"thickest wood; and hitherto neither wolf, bea
"nor robber, have dared to attack me."
from his own experience, could not doubt of h
valor and intrepidity, and promised him to spre
his fame in other countries that he might travers
The bailiff smiled;—and when he observed h
wife and daughter became drowsy, he yielded t
bed to his guest and fed *Hercules*, whom he had a
ready forgiven the fright he had occasioned him
after which he went with his family into anoth
apartment. *Becker* on the following day, at taking leave, wished to press a dollar on the bailiff, but he would on no account accept of any money, and accompanied *B.* a part of the way, when he took a friendly leave of him.

You

You have read *Tristram Shandy*, and probably recollect the story of the *Faithful Lovers. Amandus he—Amanda she. Amandus*, separated from his *Amanda*, runs all the world over in order to find her out; who is made captive by pirates, and lived twenty years in a subterraneous cave, because he would not be unfaithful to his *Amanda*, and listen to the amorous overtures of the princess of Morocco, who had fallen in love with him. *Amanda*, who traversed *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Africa*, bare-footed, and with dishevelled hair, and enquired in every town, at every gate, about her *Amandus*; and taught the echo of the shady woods, and the rugged cliffs, the name of her *Amandus*. *Amandus he—Amanda she*; who at length found each other again in *Lyons*, their native town; beheld each other, rushed into mutual embrace, and—fell dead on the spot. Their souls flew on the wings of joy towards heaven. You recollect how the sensible *Yorick* approached the spot, where, according to the description, their grave should be; and with all the ardour of feeling, exclaimed, "Ye tender, faithful shades! long—
"long ago, did I wish to shed these tears on
"your grave! accept of them—the offer of a
"sensible heart." You will, at the same time, recollect, that *Yorick* could not shed these tears,

because he did not find the grave of the lovers—neither did I find it. I enquired every where after it; but the French think at present on nothing else but the revolution; and care very little about the monuments of love and tenderness!

Who, that makes any stay at this place, does not recollect another pair of unhappy lovers who killed themselves about twenty years ago, at *Lyons?*

An Italian, named *Faldoni*, an accomplished youth, on whom nature had bestowed her choicest gifts, loved *Therese*, and was loved by her. The day already approached on which, with the consent of their parents, they were to be united for ever. But cruel fate had determined otherwise. Young *Faldoni* broke a blood-vessel, from which accident arose an incurable illness. The father of *Therese* hesitated to give his daughter to a man, who was scarcely like to survive the wedding-day, and withdrew his word. But this obstacle to their union inflamed the lovers still more; and, as they were forced to abandon the hope of being lawfully wedded, they determined to be united by the cold hand of death. Not far from *Lyons*, in a chesnut-wood, stands a rural temple, consecrated to the god of pity, and adorned by the

the hand of Grecian artists. Thither the pale *Faldoni* repaired, and waited for *Therese*. She soon made her appearance in all the splendor of her beauty, dressed in her white wedding dress, and a garland of roses on her auburn hair. The lovers fell upon their knees before the altar... pointed charged pistols, hung with rose-coloured ribbons, to their hearts; looked steadfastly at each other; kissed...and this kiss of fire was the signal for death....The pistols went off...they fell, while closely embracing each other,...and their blood mingled on the marble pavement. I confess to you, my friends, that this accident inspires me with more horror than compassion. I shall never curse human weakness; but sometimes it extorts tears from me, and at others, revolts me. If *Therese*, notwithstanding *Faldoni's* inexpressible affection, had ceased to love him; or, if death had robbed him of this tender friend, who constituted the only happiness, the only charm of his life, he would then have been pardonable if he had hated life, my own heart would then have been able to explain this sad phenomenon on the horizon of human nature. I should have found the feelings of the unhappy man possible and comprehensible; and, with tears of a tender compassion, I should have looked up

in silent melancholy towards heaven. But *Faldoni* and *Therese loved each other*; and they ought therefore to have considered themselves happy. They lived in one world, beneath one sky, the rays of one sun, of one moon, shone upon them...What more could they wish for? True love enjoys, even without sensual pleasure...even when the object is far separated by sea and land. The thought, "She loves me!" ought to constitute the happiness of a tender lover. How pleasing, how sweet, is not the idea, that the zephyr now fanning my cheeks has also kissed her charms; that yonder bird which I see soaring in the azure expance, perhaps a few days ago sat on the tree, beneath which my beloved, immersed in delightful reverie, thought on her friend! In short, the pleasures of love are innumerable; no tyranny of parents, not even the severity of fate, is able to deprive tender hearts of them. Whoever does not know these joys, let him not speak of sensibility! *Faldoni* and *Therese!* you will never be to me a pattern of true love; but I shall ever consider you as examples of blindness and error!

....

Becker called me to the window. The town-house was surrounded by a noisy mob. We asked of the waiter who was putting our room to rights, what

was the matter? "Some new madness or ano-"ther!" was his answer. We were, however, curious to know something more about this madness; therefore we went to the street, where we asked several people about the cause of this tumult; but all replied: "*Qu'en sais-je?*"...At length we got some information about the business. An old woman had quarrelled with some old fellow in the street. A bell-man had hastened to her assistance, and the old mad-cap had pulled a pistol from his pocket, and threatened to shoot the bell-man. But the passengers surrounded him, and carried him...*à la lanterne.* A patrole of the national-guard had rushed on the mob, from which the old man was taken by force, and carried to the town-house. This was the reason of the tumult. The people, at present the most dreadful despots in *France*, claimed the fellow with the pistol, and cried incessantly, *à la lanterne!* The bell-man cried, *à la lanterne!*...the fish-women cried, *à la lanterne! à la lanterne!*... Those who were the most furious in making a noise, and who instigated the others, were, for the most part, beggars and vagrants, who, since the æra of French liberty, will do nothing at all. A stranger, tolerably well-dressed, stepped up to us, and said, with a friendly mien, "a spy

"has been following you for more than half an "hour. Be on your guard...you are probably "foreigners. *Sauvez vous, Messieurs!*"...I looked into his face, and said, "you only want to frighten "us." But *Becker* reddened, I don't know why; and seized my hand with a look which seemed to say, "we must not part." We came, however, safe to the *Hotel de Milan.* The people dispersed towards evening, and we took a walk on the quay without molestation.

....

We dined to-day with Mr. *T.* a wealthy merchant, in company with some men of letters; and towards evening we took a walk out of the town. The verdant meadows swarmed with rich and poor, old and young, mingled together, and congratulated each other upon the return of spring, and enjoyed the fine warm evening. I believe hardly a fourth part of the inhabitants remained in town. Every one had put on their best clothes. Some were sitting on the grass, drinking tea... others ate biscuits and cakes, and offered them to their acquaintances. I walked amid these thousands, not one of whom I knew, as in a forest; but the sight of cheerful faces also disposed me to be gay. At length I withdrew from the crowd, and seated myself beneath

a green bush where I found some violets, but I thought they did not smell so well as with us ...perhaps for no other reason than because I could not present them to the most lovely of women, and the most faithful of friends.

Lyons.

NO! my friends, I shall not see the fine countries of Southern *France*, of which I had formed so delighting an idea. *Becker* has not received his remittance, and he has no more than six louis d'ors remaining; he has resolved upon going straight to *Paris*. I must therefore either part with him, or sacrifice my passion, my enthusiasm, for *Languedoc* and *Provence*.

I could not for some minutes determine with myself, and sat musing by the fire, while the engaging *Dane* was packing his trunk, in which were also some of my things. "Here are your "books," said he; "your letters, your pocket-"handkerchiefs; here, take them! Perhaps we "shall never see each other again!" "No!" exclaimed I, springing up from the chair, and embracing him. "No! we go together!"

I shall

I shall not of course see thee, tomb of the tender *Laura!* and thee, wilderness of *Vaucluse*, where the lovers lived, and thee, murmuring fountain at which they quenched their thirst!—My foot will not press your flowery verdure, ye meads of *Provence*, where thyme and rosemary exhale their odours. My eye shall not behold the temple of *Diana* at *Nimes*, and the extensive amphitheatre—those precious remains of antiquity! I bid you farewel, ye spots of sacred memory! We did not part with *Matthison* without tears. He presented me, as a remembrance, some of his latest poems; and took leave of us with these words: "I do not know where in future my residence "may be, but no climate shall alter my heart— "I shall for ever, with delight, recollect our ac- "quaintance. Do not forget *Matthison*!"—I leave my other acquaintance in *Lyons* without regret.

To-morrow morning, at five o'clock, we depart in a boat to *Chalons*. We have already paid our civil hostess. During our stay at *Lyons* it has cost us above a louis d'or per day.

It is now night—*Becker* is a-sleep—and sleep flies from me. I sit, leaning on my arm;—and my thoughts fly to my country,—to you, to you, my friends!

On

On the river Saone.

THE sun rises and dispels the fog. Our boat moves gently on the azure surface of the waters tinged with the solar beams. Beside me sits an honest old man from *Nimes*, a young handsome woman, who is sound asleep, rests her head on his shoulder, and he covers her with his cloak, that she may not catch cold; a young Englishman is playing in the corner of the boat with his dog; and another, with an important air, plays with his long stick in the water—a tall German smokes at the mast a pipe of tobacco; *Becker*, shivering with cold, talks to the sailors, and I am writing with a pencil on a leaf of parchment. On both sides of the river extend green plains; rising grounds and hills are seldom observed. Every where fine villages are seen, such as I never saw in *Germany* or in *Switzerland*, in a constant rotation with gardens and country-seats of rich merchants, and mansions of the nobility. The country is cultivated in the best manner; every where the plentiful fruits of industry are seen.

I thought on the original state of these blooming banks—Here formerly flowed the *Saone* amid dark deserts—a gloomy wood rustled over its waves. The human beings who inhabited its

shores

shores lived like wild beasts in deep caves or beneath the aged oak. What an alteration! How many centuries have been required in order to efface all the traces of an originally savage state! But these fine countries may perhaps, in the course of time, again become desert and bewildered! Perhaps some centuries hence, instead of the fair maidens whom I now behold on the bank, combing their white goats, the roaring of wild beasts may render the desert still more dreadful —melancholy thought!

Contemplate the revolutions of nature; read the history of nations; cast your eyes on *Syria*, to *Egypt*, *Greece*, and say, what may not be expected? Every thing either rises or falls. The nations of the earth resemble the flowers of the spring; they fade away in their turn. The wanderer, formerly astonished at their beauty, comes to the spot where they bloomed, and the gloomy moss meets his eye. Yes! Ossian, thou wast deeply impressed with this lamentable fate of all sublunary things; therefore thy melancholy songs pierce me to the heart!

Who will venture to assert that *France*, this first of the empires of the earth, which, with regard to its climate, its productions, its inhabitants, its progress in civilization and science, is unrivalled, shall not one day resemble modern *Egypt?* Only this comforts me, that the whole human

race does not perish in the fall of one nation. One thing gives way to the other; and, when *Europe* is a wilderness, civil societies, amid which sciences, arts, and manufactures shall flourish, will perhaps arise amidst the burning deserts of *Africa*, or the savage wilds of *Canada*.

Where *Homer* and *Plato* once lived, there live at present wild barbarians: but, to compensate for this, there lives in the north of *Europe* the *Bard of the Messiade*, to whom *Homer* himself would readily have yielded his laurel wreath.... We see at the foot of *Mount Jura*, *Bonnet*, and in *Konigsberg*, *Kant*; in comparison with whom *Plato*, with regard to philosophy, is but a child. Here I must conclude.

Maçon, in Burgundy, at midnight.

OUR journey has been very agreeable. The day was charming; the sun set majestically behind a blue cloud; and it is long since I saw so fine an evening sky.

Towards noon we landed at a small village, from which fifteen or twenty women met us, and all invited *Messieurs les voyageurs* to their inns, with the assurance that their soup, their greens, their fruit and wines, were the best. *Becker*, two Englishmen, a young French officer, and I, dined

dined together; and paid with great pleasure each thirty sous to the landlady, who had really treated us very well. After dinner we walked along the bank of the river, and went into several cottages, where we found the greatest order and regularity. The officer, *Becker*, and I spoke with their inhabitants about rural affairs; and jested with the young country wenches. We found a family at dinner. On a large table, covered with a tolerably clean cloth, stood a large soup-dish, a plate of spinage, and a pot of milk. The shoes of the French villagers do not please me at all; and I wonder they do not cripple them.

Towards evening we passed by the town of *Trevoux*, situated on the right bank of the *Saone*; and particularly known by the Journal "*Me-*" *moires de Trevonx*," of antiphilosophical memory; which, like a dark electric cloud, darted dreadful thunder-bolts on *Voltaire*, *d'Alembert*, and other enlightened men; and threatened to destroy, with sacred fire, all the productions of the human understanding.

We stopped at nine o'clock in *Maçon*, where we supped in the best inn, and drank most excellent Burgundy. It is a strong-bodied thick wine, of a dark colour, not at all like what we call Burgundy in *Russia*.

We pass the night here, and at four o'clock in the morning we shall continue our journey for *Chalons*, where we intend to arrive to-morrow afternoon.

Fontainbleau, at nine o'clock in the morning.

IN the night of the day before yesterday, we left *Chalons* in a light calash, in company with a Parisian merchant, who has taken upon himself the expences on the road, in order to save us the trouble. We have given him three hundred livres. Perhaps he gains by this a few crowns, but we can, in return, be at our ease.

The post is not dearer than the German, but at the same time incomparably better; and the horses found ready at every stage. The roads are excellent, and the postillions smart. Villages and towns are observed without intermission.

We rode, in the space of thirty hours, sixty-three French miles; constantly through most delightful countries, and every where surrounded by beggars. Though our fellow-traveller, the merchant, assured us laziness and idleness were the reasons of their poverty; still I was not able to eat or drink when I observed before the windows these wan faces and ragged figures!

Fontainbleau is a small town encompassed with a wood, in which the kings of *France* formerly diverted themselves with hunting. *St. Lewis* dated his orders: *donné en nos déserts de Fontainbleau.* It consisted then of nothing but some churches and cloisters. *Francis* I. at length built a large palace in this desert, and ornamented it with the finest works of Italian art. I had a mind to see the inner part of this magnificent building; and I saw all that was remarkable for two *écus*—the fine church, the gallery of *Francis* I. with its admirable pictures, the apartments of the king and queen, which are also full of the most excellent paintings, &c. In a large gallery is shewn the place where the cruel *Christina*, in the year 1659, had her master of the horse and favorite, the *Marquis Menaldeschi*, executed.

In the masquerade-hall, which is painted by *Nicola*, many paintings are effaced, because they are too offensive to the eye of the devotee. *Sauval*, advocate of the parliament of *Paris*, who has described the amorous intrigues of the kings of *France*, is of opinion that the age of *Francis* the first was the most corrupt; and that all the works of the poets and painters of those times breathed nothing but voluptuousness. "Only go to *Fontainbleau*," says the pious advocate, who died

died in the year 1670, " and you will behold every where gods and goddesses, men and women, a disgrace to nature, abandoning themselves to the most impious lewdness. The virtuous consort of *Henry* the fourth indeed caused many of these paintings to be taken away or destroyed; but in order to extirpate all that is scandalous, *Fontainbleau* ought to be given to the flames."—A certain governor of *Fontainbleau*, called *Sonblede Noe*, actually burnt a painting of *Michael Angelo*, for which *Francis* the first had paid an enormous sum. It represented the *naked Leda* in so lively and voluptuous a situation, that the governor could not look upon it without indignation. *Dulaure* relates this. We breakfasted here. The postillion cracks his whip. Farewel—till *Paris*.

Paris, *March 27th*, 1790.

WHILE we approached *Paris*, I inquired continually, shall we see it soon? At last we observed it in all its magnitude, situated on an extensive plain. Our eager looks gazed on this enormous mass of houses, and lost themselves as in an immense ocean. My heart beat high; " that is the queen of cities, thought I, which for so

many centuries has served as a pattern to *Europe*, and was the source of taste and fashion to so many nations...whose name learned and unlearned, philosophers and beaux, artists and barbarians, in every part of the world mention with respect, and which I learned almost as soon as my own name; *Paris*, about which I have read and heard so much, on which I have thought so often with rapture...there it lies before me... I approach its gates."...Indeed, my friends, this moment was one of the most agreeable of my journey. I never yet approached any town with such lively sensations, with such eagerness and impatience!...Our fellow-traveller pointed out with his stick the different parts of *Paris*, and the most remarkable buildings, which may be seen at a distance. "There on the right," said he, "you observe the *faubourg* of *Mont-Martre* and the *Temple*; straight on lies the *faubourg Saint Antoine*; to the left at the *Seine*, the *faubourgs Saint Marcel*, *Michel*, and *Germain*. Yonder lofty gothic tower belongs to the ancient church of *Notre Dame*, and this new magnificent temple, whose architecture certainly attracts your attention, is the church of *Saint Genevieve*, the patroness of *Paris*. That building at a distance, with the bright cupola, is the *Hotel Royal des Invalides*,

valides, one of the largest buildings in *Paris*. The king and the nation here maintain the discharged veterans."

We soon entered the *faubourg Saint Antoine*... but what did we observe near us?...narrow, dirty streets, sorry houses, and beggars in rags. Is this *Paris* then, thought I, that city which appears so magnificent at a distance? However the decorations soon changed, when we arrived at the quay of the *Seine*. We saw here nothing but fine houses of five and six stories, and elegant shops. A prodigious crowd rambles incessantly about, carriages follow carriages, and you hear continually the cry...*gare! gare!* The noise which all this causes together, resembles the fury of the enraged ocean.

The strange ferment, the wonderful variety of objects, the immense concourse, the unusual bustle among the crowd, confused me in some degree. I felt as if tumbled headlong into an enormous *vortex* in which I was turned round like a grain of sand, by the furious whirlpool.

We have hired, close by the *Hotel Britannique*, in the street *Hennegau*, two neat and light rooms, in the third story, for which we pay, monthly, two *louis d'ors*. The landlady loads us with com-

 pliments.

pliments. She ran bustling about, pointed out places for our beds, trunks, and portmanteaus, called us always, *Aimables étrangers*. Our fellow-traveller, the merchant, wished us great pleasure in *Paris*, and went home. We shifted immediately, and walked out, after we had something to eat. The crowd, among whom we mixed, carried us like the tempestuous sea, to the celebrated *Pont Neuf*; on which stands the fine statue of *Henry the Fourth*, the most amiable of all French kings. Could we pass without viewing this monument?—Impossible! My feet stopped irresistibly, and my eyes turned to the statue of the great man, and were rivetted on it for some minutes.

Becker stopped at the pedestal of the statue of Henry IV. in order to wait for me, and I went to M. *Breguet*, who lives not far from the *Pont Neuf*, on the *quai des Morfondus*. His wife received me at the fire side; and, when she learned who I was, brought me immediately a letter—a letter from you, my friends!—Imagine the joy of your friend!—all my uneasiness disappeared in a moment. Overjoyed, I read the letter perhaps ten times—forgot madame *Breguet*, and spoke not a word with her—my soul was only taken up with my absent friends. "You

"seem to be very glad. That is a pleasing "sight!" said Madame *Breguet*, at last. These words brought me to myself.—I began to excuse myself, but in a very confused manner. I wished to tell her something about *Geneva*, where she was born; but I could not say any thing coherent, and therefore took my leave. *Becker* observed me at a distance running...saw the letter in my hand...perceived the greatest joy in my countenance, and rejoiced heartily; for *he loves me*. We embraced on the *Pont Neuf*, under the statue of *Henry*, which seemed to smile at this scene. Never, never shall I forget thee, *Pont Neuf!*

My mind was now serene and contented. We rambled about the strange city, from street to street, without any guide, and without any purpose or aim. All that I observed, presented itself to me in an agreeable light. The sun set—night came on, and the lamps were lighted. We entered the *Palais Royal*—an immense building, which may justly be called, the *Metropolis of Paris*. Represent to yourself a magnificent palace, in an oblong square;—all round run arcades; beneath which, all the riches of the world are displayed to the astonished eye. All the treasures of *India* and *America*, brilliants, pearls,

gold,

gold, and silver...all the productions of nature and art...all the parade of royal pomp...all the inventions of luxury to embellish life...all this is exposed here, with the greatest taste, and lighted with lamps of various colours. A sight, the splendour of which dazzles the eye! At the same time, a prodigious concourse of people walk up and down under these arcades, in order to see and be seen! Here are also the best coffee houses in all *Paris*, which are constantly filled with people. Newspapers and journals are read aloud here, which are discussed with much noise and many speeches.

My head turned giddy. We left the arcades, and went to the *Chesnut Alley* of the *Jardin du Palais Royal*, in order to rest. Silence and obscurity reigns here; and, though the arcades diffused their light over the green branches, yet it was lost among their shades. From another avenue, soft and gentle tunes of instruments saluted our ears, and a breeze whistled among the leaves of the trees. Numerous *filles de joie* visited us...cast flowers at us...sighed...laughed... invited us into their bowers, and promised us infinite pleasure ;...but they all disappeared at last, like the phenomena of a moon-light night.

All this seemed to me like a magic spell....I fancied

fancied myself on the island of *Calypso*, or in the palace of *Armida*. I lost myself in pleasing reverie, and a thousand romantic ideas rose in my soul.

Paris, the 2d of April.

" I am in *Paris*." This thought excites a strange, unaccountable, but agreeable sensation in my soul. " I am in *Paris*," I say to myself, and run up one street and down another, from the *Thuilleries* to the *Champs Elisees*. All at once I stop again, and look at every thing with an extreme curiosity...houses, carriages, people, and thousands of various objects, pass through my mind. That, which I formerly knew but from description, I see now myself with my own eyes ...and rejoice at the largest and most celebrated city in the world; which, for the variety of its phenomena, is astonishing and unrivalled.

Five days have passed away like five hours, amid noise and crowds of people, in the play-houses and in the magnificent *Palais Royal*. The most lively impressions fill my soul; but I cannot yet account for them to myself, and am not able to say any thing coherent about *Paris*. Let my curiosity be first satiated, then it will be time to judge

judge—to describe—to praise—to censure. At present I only observe, what seems to be the principal feature in the character of the Parisians—that every thing bears the stamp of vivacity and quickness, motions, words, and actions. The system of the *vortices* of *Descartes*, was very natural to the head of a Parisian. Here every one hurries away somewhere; each seems to chase the other. Every one snatches, guesses, at the thoughts of another, in order to get rid of him as soon as possible. What a contrast between the Parisians and the serious Swiss, who always proceed with a measured pace, listen with the greatest attention, which is carried so far, that it puts a man to the blush; nay, who even still listen when one has already ceased talking,—who then sum up, and arrange your words, and answer you as deliberately, as if they were afraid they had not understood you! The Parisian, on the contrary, will always guess; you have not yet finished your question—he has already answered you—has taken leave, and disappeared.

Paris.

MUST I, on sitting down to describe *Paris*, if not in a finished picture, at least in a rough sketch...must I begin *ab ovo*, and with learned gravity, inform you, that it was formerly called *Lutetia?*...Must I blind your eyes with the learned dust of a *Montfaucon* and others, and make it clearer than day, that *Paris* was at first but a wretched nest; when only miserable cottages were to be seen, where now magnificent palaces line the banks of the *Seine*, and frail planks of wood joined its shores, instead of the present stone bridges of granite; when neither *Lais* nor *Renaud* enchanted the audience, but only wild songs resounded; when, in fine, neither *Mirabeau* nor *Maury* astonished the Pari sians by their eloquence; but only hoary druids, in the groves, spoke to the people? Shall I follow, step by step, the rise and increase of this city, through a series of elapsed ages, and mention every change, form, and progress in architecture, from the first stone house to the colonnade of the *Louvre?* I hear your reply: "We "have read the *Essai sur Paris*, by *Saint Foix*, and "know all that you could tell us about the anti-"quities of *Paris*;...only tell us, how it pleased

"you

"you in the present state...we require no more." Leaving then the venerable antiquities and things past where they are, I shall only speak about the present.

Paris appears to the best advantage, when you approach it from *Versailles*; large buildings, with steeples and cupolas, are observed before you; on the right flows the *Seine*, bordered with picturesque gardens and summer-houses; on the left rises, in the back ground of an extensive green plain, the *Mont-Martre*, covered with wind-mills, resembling an army of winged giants. The road is broad, level, as smooth as a table, and in the evening lighted by lamps. The *Barrière* is a house of middle size, but striking on account of its architecture. Across a large fine meadow, the road leads to the *Champs Elysees*, which have not in vain this charming name. They consist of a grove, which seems to have been planted by the Orcades themselves; here and there interrupted by little green spots, on which stand small neat houses, which are either coffee houses or some kind of shops. Here the people walk on Sundays....Music resounds every where, and the young people dance. The poor rest here, after the toil of the week, on the fresh grass, drink a bottle of wine, and sing

Vaudevilles.

Vaudevilles. It is impossible to view all the beauty of this pleasure-ground, which consists of several detached groves, on both sides of the road. The eye is irresistibly carried forwards to the large octagon, on which stands the statue of *Lewis the Fifteenth*, surrounded by a ballustrade of white marble. From hence may be seen the shady alleys of the celebrated garden of the *Thuilleries*, leading towards the magnificent palace. A majestic spectacle! On entering this garden, one does not know which to admire most; whether the thick old alleys, or the beauty of the high terraces, extending on both sides the whole length of the garden; whether to fix the attention on the excellent *bâssins*, or on the flower plots, the vases, groups, and statues. The artist, *Le Noir*, the creator of this garden, incontestibly the most elegant in *Europe*, has distinguished every part of it with particular taste. The populace does not walk here, as in the *Champs Elysées*; but the *Beau-monde* assemble here, both gentlemen and ladies, powdered and painted. Can any one deny that *Paris* is the first city of the world, the centre of all magnificence and grandeur, when he ascends the great terrace, and beholds every where, behind and before, to the right and to the left, the largest

 and

and handsomest buildings, palaces, and temples —the fine banks of the *Seine*—the bridges of granite, across which throng thousands of people and of carriages? But here you must remain, if you would not alter your opinion. On proceeding further, you meet with narrow streets, and the most disagreeable mixture of wealth and beggary. Close to the brilliant shop of a jeweller, lies a heap of rotten apples and herrings; dirt abounds every where; and now and then, even blood streams in rivulets from the butchers' shops.—One must stop nose and eyes here! The picture of the most elegant city is lost, and it seems as if all the dirt and filth of the world had been brought to *Paris*, by subterraneous canals; but go one step further, and you breathe the fragrant odours of *Arabia*, for you are in the vicinity of one of those shops so numerous in *Paris*, where they sell perfumes and pomatum. In short, at every step is a new atmosphere, and new objects of luxury, or of the most disagreeable uncleanliness; so that *Paris* may justly be called the finest and foulest, the most fragrant and most stinking city on the globe. The streets are all, without exception, narrow and dark; which, perhaps originates in the height and size of the houses. The celebrated street, *Saint-Honoré*, is the

the longest, most noisy and dirty. Woe to the poor pedestrian, particularly when it rains! He must either wade through the dirt, in the middle of the street (for as the pavement slopes on both sides towards the middle, that part of the street is usually full of dirt) or the water pours down on his head from the gutters on the tops of the houses, and leaves him not a dry thread. A coach is absolutely necessary, at least for a stranger, for the French understand perfectly how to walk through the dirt, without bespattering themselves; they leap most admirably from one stone to another, and take shelter in a shop from a carriage. The celebrated *Tournefort*, who had travelled almost all over the world, on his return, was crushed to death, by a hackney coach; because, on his travels, he had forgotten the art of skipping in the streets, like a goat: an art absolutely necessary to an inhabitant of *Paris*.

On crossing the town in a straight line, from any side you please, you will always come to the thick shady avenue of the *Boulevards*, of which there are three; one for carriages, the other two for walking. They run parallel, and resemble a magic ring, or a handsome enclosure, running all round *Paris*. Here the Parisians formerly played *à la boule*, on the green grass;

from

from which the name *Boulevard* or *Boulevard.* Originally this was but a rampart intended to defend the city. The avenues were planted later. One part of these is called the *Old*, and the other the *New Boulevards.* Every where on the former, taste, wealth, and luxury are observed; and the whole seems to have been invented by idleness, in order to occupy the idle. Here is a comedy, there an opera; here splendid rooms invite you, there the gardens of the *Hesperides*, in which is every thing except golden apples. Here is a coffee-house adorned with green garlands; there an arbour embellished with flowers, resembling a rural temple of love. Here is observed a small pleasant wood, from which music resounds, and where a sporting nymph dances on the rope, or some juggler astonishes the people by his art; there are exhibited all the rare productions of the animal kingdom, American birds, African wild beasts, colibris, ostriches, tygers, and crocodiles. Here, beneath a chesnut tree, sits *Circe;* she looks at you with her brown eyes, and puts her hand to her heart; but, if you pass her with indifference she will exclaim after you, "insensible! cruel!" There a young beaux, in *negligée*, meets a decrepid *petit maitre*, nicely powdered; he glances at him with a smile, and offers his arm

arm to an opera girl. Here stand a long row of carriages, out of which old age and youth, beauty and deformity, sense and stupidity, peep in the most surprising and contrasting features. The procession is concluded by a division of the national guards, swiftly and briskly marching by. I have spent a whole day in observing this noisy part of the *Boulevards*. Among the magnificent houses of taste around, the house of the well-known *Beaumarchais* particularly struck me. This man has not only understood the art of turning the heads of the Parisians with a comedy, but he understands also how to get amazingly rich. He has not only most plainly delineated the foibles of the human heart, but he knows also how to take advantage of them in order to fill his purse. He is an acute writer; and, at the same time, the genteelest man of the world, the most artful courtier, and the most speculating merchant. At present he is possessed of every means to enjoy life in the most agreeable manner. His house is a curiosity with regard to magnificence and taste. Only a single bas-relief over the gateway cost from thirty to forty thousand livres.

The *New Boulevards* afford quite another sight. There the trees are more shady, the avenues finer, the air purer, but fewer people. You nei-

ther hear the rattling of carriages, nor the stamping of horses, nor songs, nor sound. There you see neither English nor French beaux, neither powdered heads, nor painted faces. The honest mechanic refreshes himself here with his wife and daughter in the shades of the trees, after the toil of the week. There in the avenue, with a slow pace, walks his son, with his young bride. Fields, rustic labours, and industrious peasants are here observed. In short every thing here is simple, still, and peaceful.

But now return with me to the bustle of the city. Charles the Fifth said, "*Lutetia non urbs sed orbis!*" What would he say at present, when *Paris* is twice as big and twice as populous as in his time! Imagine to yourself 25,000 houses, four or five stories high, all full of people from top to bottom. The geographical almanacs may say what they will, *Paris* is more populous than *London* or *Constantinople*; for, according to the latest and most exact accounts, the number of its inhabitants amounts to 1,150,450, including 150,000 strangers, and 200,000 servants. Wherever you come, there is an extraordinary crowd on foot and in carriages; clamour and noise every where, in great and small streets, of which there are a thousand in *Paris*. Even till ten and eleven at

night,

night, all is bustle, nay, even at one and two o'clock, you meet with many people; at three and four o'clock, now and then you hear a carriage rattle. However, these two hours are the most quiet of all, for at five o'clock the workmen, *Savoyards*, and day-labourers, already begin to make their appearance in the streets, when the whole city by degrees revives.

....

To-day I dined with Mr. *Glo*..., for whom I had a letter from *Geneva*. It is an awkward affair, when one is a stranger to the customs of a place. I went to his house at two o'clock, they did not yet think of receiving company. The gentleman was dressing in his closet, after his *morning-walk*, and the lady was busy with *morning-reading*. After ten minutes the latter entered the room, where I was sitting by the fire turning over the leaves of *Marmontel*'s Art of Poetry, which lay on the chimney-piece. Madame *Glo*... is a learned lady of thirty; she speaks English and Italian, and, like Madame *Necker*, with whom the *d' Alambert's*, *Diderot's*, and *Marmontel*'s assembled, is fond of conversing with men of letters. We talked about literature, and the conversation soon became animated, as Madame *Glo*... contradicted all my opinions. I

maintained,

maintained, for instance, that *Racine* and *Voltaire* were the best French tragic poets, but she was so kind as to teach me, that *Chenier* was a god in comparison to them. I signified that formerly they wrote incomparably better in *France* than at present; but she told me, that in her house met a company of more than twenty authors, who had not their equals. I praised *du Paty*, and she assured me he was not read at *Paris*. He may have been a good advocate, but he was a bad author and observer. I praised *Raoul*, and she spoke with contempt of him; in short, we should have disputed without end, if the servant had not opened the door, and announced the arrival of the guests. The room was filled with marquisses, chevaliers of *St. Louis*, advocates, and Englishmen. Every guest addressed the lady, and paid her a cold compliment. At last the host made his appearance, and the conversation now turned on the parties, intrigues, and decrees of the National Assembly. The French judged, praised, censured, and the young Englishmen yawned. I involuntarily joined the latter, and was heartily glad when we were called to table. The dinner was very good, but the talkers were never silent. A young advocate particularly distinguished himself. He wished only to be minister, in order to

pay

pay the debts of *France* within six months, to treble the revenues, and thus enrich the king, clergy, the nobility, and the citizens." At these words Mr. *Glo*... took him by the hand, and said with a serious mien: "Enough! enough! magnanimous man."...I laughed,...but fortunately not alone. However this did not offend the advocate; he continued to point out the utility of his grand plans, and turned particularly to the brother of *Necker*, who was also at the table, and listened to him with admirable patience. There is a multitude of these chatterers in *Paris*, and they may particularly be heard in the *Palais-Royal*. However one needs a pretty strong head, to get off without a head-ach. Beside me sat a sensible and grave Englishman, who enquired of me about the climate, way of living, &c. in *Russia*. He is a friend of the celebrated traveller Mr. *Coxe*, and has travelled with him in *Switzerland* and *Germany*. He rose from the table at five o'clock, and the host told me, that I might dine with him every Sunday, together with his other friends. I had also another address to Mr. *N.* an old nobleman from *Provence*, whose brother, an emigrant, I had known in *Geneva*. This gentleman is blind, deaf, and can hardly crawl. He lives in *Paris* only to please his young, tender,

and

and amorous wife, who loves the spectacles, and the great world. How unequal a yoke! Can such a marriage be happy? Mr. and Mrs. *N.* resemble the *Vulcan* and *Venus*, or the frigid *January* and the blooming *May*. O Nature! do roses grow in thy empire beside the snow? I was received with a cold civility, such as they usually receive strangers with, and invited to dine Madame *N.* told me all was now gloomy in *Paris*, and that she would soon go to *Switzerland*, in order to divert herself on the fine mountain in the vicinity of *Neufchatel*, which *Rousseau* has so charmingly described in his letters to *d'Alembert*, and pass a happy life in the bosom of nature. I praised this poetic resolution.

....

Paris is no longer what it was formerly. A threatening storm overcasts its horizon and darkens the splendour of this city, formerly so magnificent. Golden luxury, which resided here as on its favorite spot, has covered its face with a sable veil, and has fled to distant regions. Only a faint ray of its splendour remains, like the setting sun, feebly enlightening the west. The terror of the revolution has driven away the richest inhabitants, the most eminent of the nobility have emigrated,

emigrated, and the few that remain, live mostly in a narrow circle of their friends and relations.

"Here," said the Abbé *N.* to me, walking through the street *St. Honoré*, "the first ladies of fashion, the great and the most celebrated *Beaux-Esprits*, assembled on Sundays, at the house of the marchioness *D*...Some played at cards, others conversed about philosophy, sentiment, beauty and taste. There, in the house of the countess of *A.* came on Thursdays the most profound politicians, gentlemen, and ladies, and compared *Jean Jaques* with *Mably*, formed and projected plans for the new *Utopia*. Here, at the baroness *F.* Mr. *M.* delivered every Saturday, lectures on the book of existence, and explained to curious ladies the nature of primeval *Chaos*, which he represented in so dreadful a manner, that fits and faintings ensued. You have come too late, Sir! the happy times are past; there are no traces left of the excellent suppers. The *good company* is scattered around all over the world. The Marchioness *D.* is in *London*; the countess *A.* in *Switzerland*, and the baroness *F.* is gone to *Rome*, in order to take the veil. An honest man knows not what he shall do, and how he shall spend his evenings."

He confessed, that already the French circles had lost that polite levity which prevailed in the age of *Lewis* the Fourteenth; particularly in the houses of a *Lormes*, a *de la Suse*, a *Ninon de Lenclos*, where *Voltaire* wrote his first verses, where *Voiture*, *Saint Evremont*, *Sarasin*, *Grammont*, *Menage*, *Pelisson*, and others, shone by their wit, who seasoned every conversation with attic salt, and were legislators in the affairs of taste and pleasure. "*Law*," continued the Abbé, "by his disastrous project annihilated the wealth and amiable qualities of the Parisians, by transforming our polished Marquises into speculating usurers. Where formerly were displayed all the graces of conversation,...where all the riches, all the variety of the French language appeared in agreeable jests, and witty sallies,...there they talk now about the value of assignats; and those houses where the best company assembled are turned into a stock-exchange. *Law* fled to *Italy*; but the genuine French gaiety was ever after but a rare phenomenon in the circles of *Paris*. Passion for gambling became the soul of society, and the young ladies assembled merely to ruin each other at *Faro*; and the art of the graces, the art of pleasing, fell into disuse. Then came into fashion by degrees, parrots and œconomists,—academical intrigues and encyclopedists—calembours and magnetism,

netism,—chemistry and dramaturgy,—metaphysics and politics. The fair sex became authors, and found means to lull even their adorers to sleep. They spoke about plays, operas, ballets, in mathematical theorems, and illustrated the beauties of the new Heloise algebraically. Every one turned philosopher, talked in a sublime and learned manner, and the language was stuffed with a multitude of new and strange expressions, which *Racine* and *Boileau* neither could nor would understand; and I don't know what we should have done for ennui, had not the thunder of the revolution burst forth over our heads."

....

YESTERDAY I saw the King and Queen in the royal chapel. Tranquillity, meekness, and good-nature are plainly written on the countenance of the former, and I am convinced that his soul is incapable of any bad intention. There are happy dispositions, which are endowed with a certain natural inclination to do good. Such is the character of Lewis. It is perhaps possible, that he may be misled; but impartial history will place his name in the rank of virtuous kings, and the philanthropist will shed a sentimental tear over his memory. The queen has, notwithstanding all

the shocks of fate, a charming and majestic countenance. She resembles a rose which, amid the chilling breath of the tempest, still preserves its bloom and beauty. She seems born to be a queen. Her mien, her look, her smile,—every thing shews an uncommon mind. Her heart is certainly torn by affliction; but she knows how to conceal her sentiments, and not the smallest cloud can be observed in her bright eyes. She turned over the leaves of her prayer book with a graceful smile, and looked sometimes at the king, then at the princess her daughter. The princess *Elizabeth* was very devout, and crossed herself with the greatest fervour; methought even tears bedewed her cheeks. There was such a crowd of people in the chapel, that I had almost fainted for heat and uneasiness, had not a lady, observing me change color, offered me her smelling bottle. Every one eyed stedfastly the King, and particularly the Queen. Some sighed and wiped their eyes; but others shewed not the least feeling, and laughed at the poor monks, who sung the *Horas*.

The King was dressed in a violet suit; but the Queen and princesses were dressed in black. I have seen the *Dauphin* in the *Thuilleries*. The beautiful, sensible *Lamballe*, to whom *Florian* has

dedicated

dedicated his Tales, conducted him by the hand. What an amiable child! An angel for beauty and innocence! How he jumped and skipped, in his dark-colored vest, with the blue ribbon across his shoulder, like a lamb rejoicing at the fresh air and verdant pasturage? People crowded from all parts to see him. All pulled off their hats, and, exulting, surrounded the lovely boy who smiled kindly on them. Oh! the people still love the royal family!

END OF VOL II.